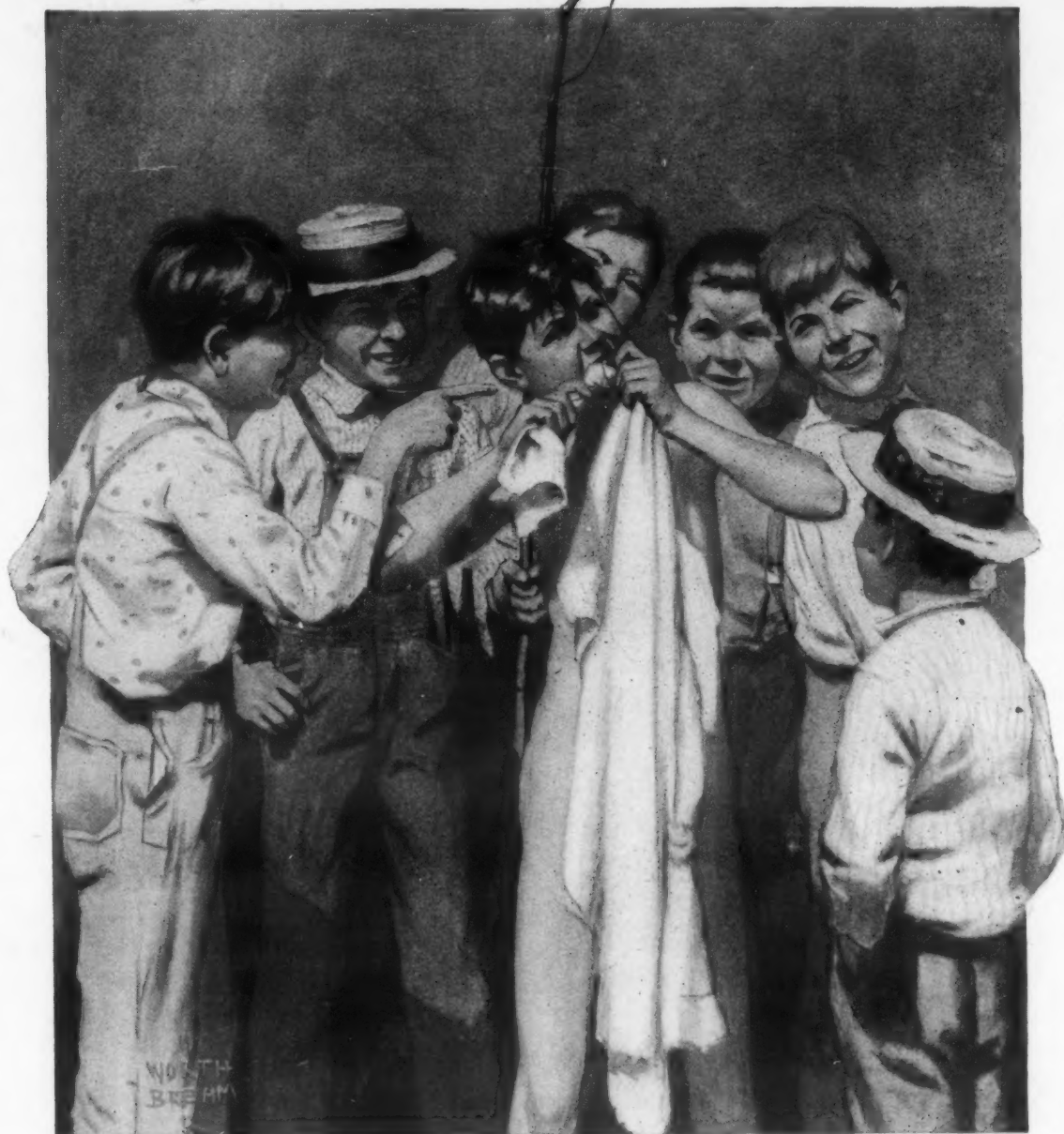


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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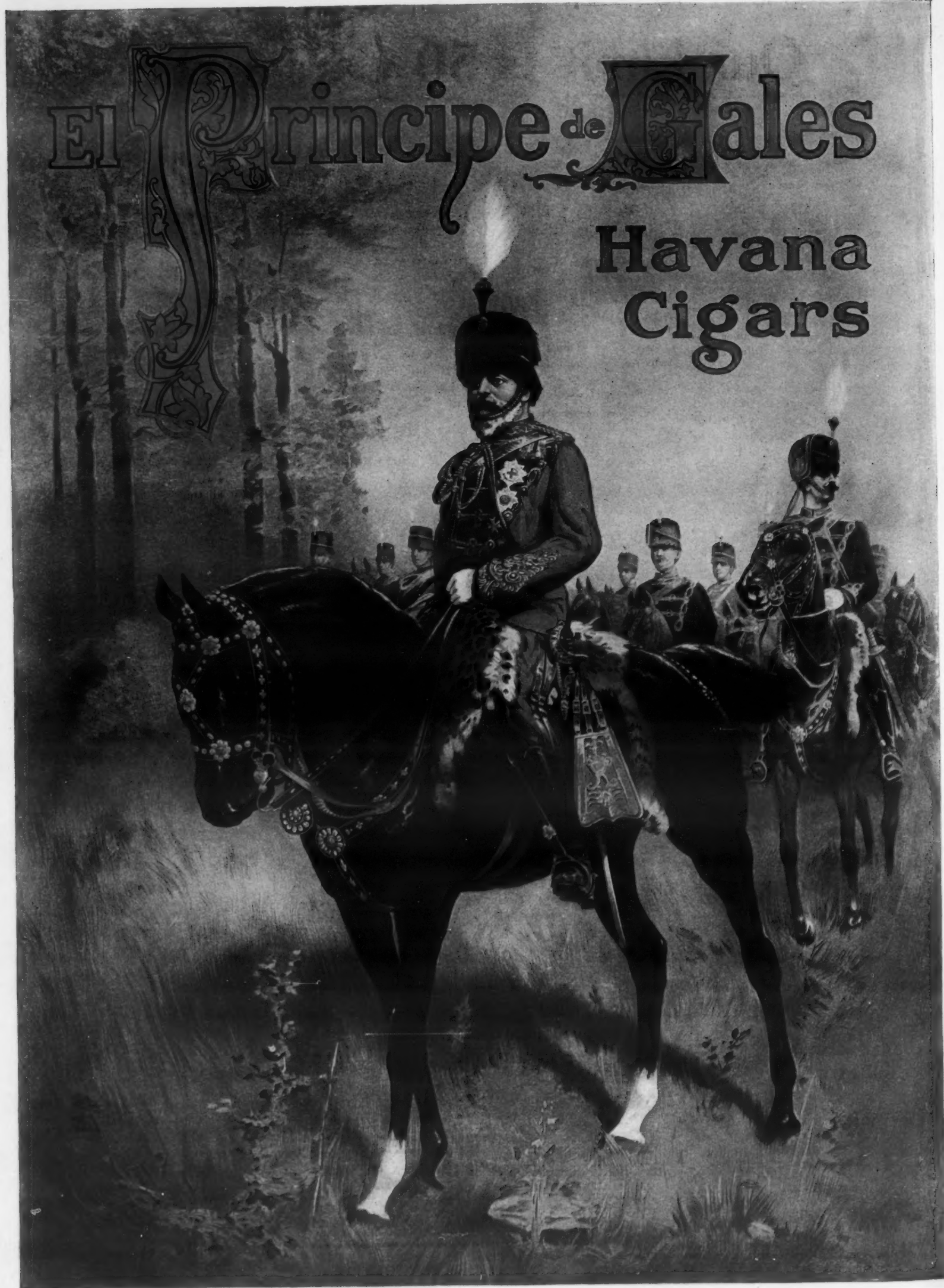
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Chaw Beef

Have you smoked one lately?

El Principe de Gales

Havana Cigars



Named in Honor of a Prince
Smoked by Gentlemen Everywhere

Our Limit Is 50 Cars a Day

By R. E. Olds, Designer

No Larger Output Wanted

Orders for Reo the Fifth, at some seasons, run five times our factory output.

Again and again we have found ourselves six to eight weeks behind urgent requirements.

Even now—in midsummer—we could easily sell twice the cars we build.

But we never rush, and we never run two shifts of men. Despite all the sensation which this car has created, we are keeping the same old gait.

That's Why This Car Sells for \$1,055

We figure we save at least 30 per cent by keeping this output down.

We save in the first place some \$200 per car by building a single model.

We make another big saving by keeping our factory crowded to the limit. We have no dull months. Summer and winter, spring and fall, we run to our fullest capacity.

It is the half-idle months, with big overhead expense, which brings up the cost of cars.

At this rate we can also build all our own parts. That means a very big saving.

On any other basis it would be simply impossible to sell a car like this for \$1,055. Have you ever seen anyone do it.

Such Cars Can't Be Built in a Hurry

Another fact is that a car like this cannot be built in a hurry.

The car is constantly watched by men who know. The best men on our staff give each part supervision. Tests and inspections are carried to extremes.

Every lot of steel is analyzed twice—before and after treating. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness.

Gears are accurately tested in a crushing machine. Engines are tested for 48 hours, in five important ways.

Finished cars are subjected to test after test, in ways rarely employed by others. Thus it never happens that imperfect cars go out.

Such cars can't be built when one rushes production. The over-ambitious are bound to grow careless.

My aim is not to build more cars than others. It is to build them better, and to build them for less. There will always be more men who want such cars than we can ever hope to supply.

Giving More Than Value

One of my ablest competitors said of Reo the Fifth: "It's a splendid car, but wickedly under-priced."

He is right. Any expert will tell you that a car like this should cost not less than \$1,400.

For here is a car built of the costliest steels—nickel and vanadium. It is big and roomy, with big wheels and big tires. It has 15 roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt. Not a ball bearing used in important parts of this car.

The car throughout is built slowly and carefully. Nothing is hurried, nothing ever skimped.

The body is finished in 17 coats. All the trimmings are costly. The upholstery is deep and of genu-

ine leather, filled with the best curled hair.

Every part of the car gets the final touch. There is not the slightest sign of economy.

The price of \$1,055 is too low for this car. With advancing materials it must be corrected. Within two months, at the outside, the price must go higher.

But Reo the Fifth, because of my methods, will always undersell every car in its class.

Our Center Control

The greatest exclusive feature in Reo the Fifth is our new mode of center control.

Many other cars announce center control for their 1913 models. The old side levers, blocking one of the front doors, are bound to be quickly discarded.

But the Reo control is one small lever, which is never in the way. All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there is never any reaching, and nothing in one's way.

Left-Side Drive

We combine with this feature the left-side drive, to which all cars must come. This change is expensive. It involves alterations. That is why some makers defer it.

But the driver should sit close to cars which he passes. He should be at all times on the up side of the road.

The only reason for right-hand drive has been the side levers. We have long had left-side drive in electrics. Now, with center control, the left-side drive is possible in every car. The buyer of a new car in these days should insist on it.

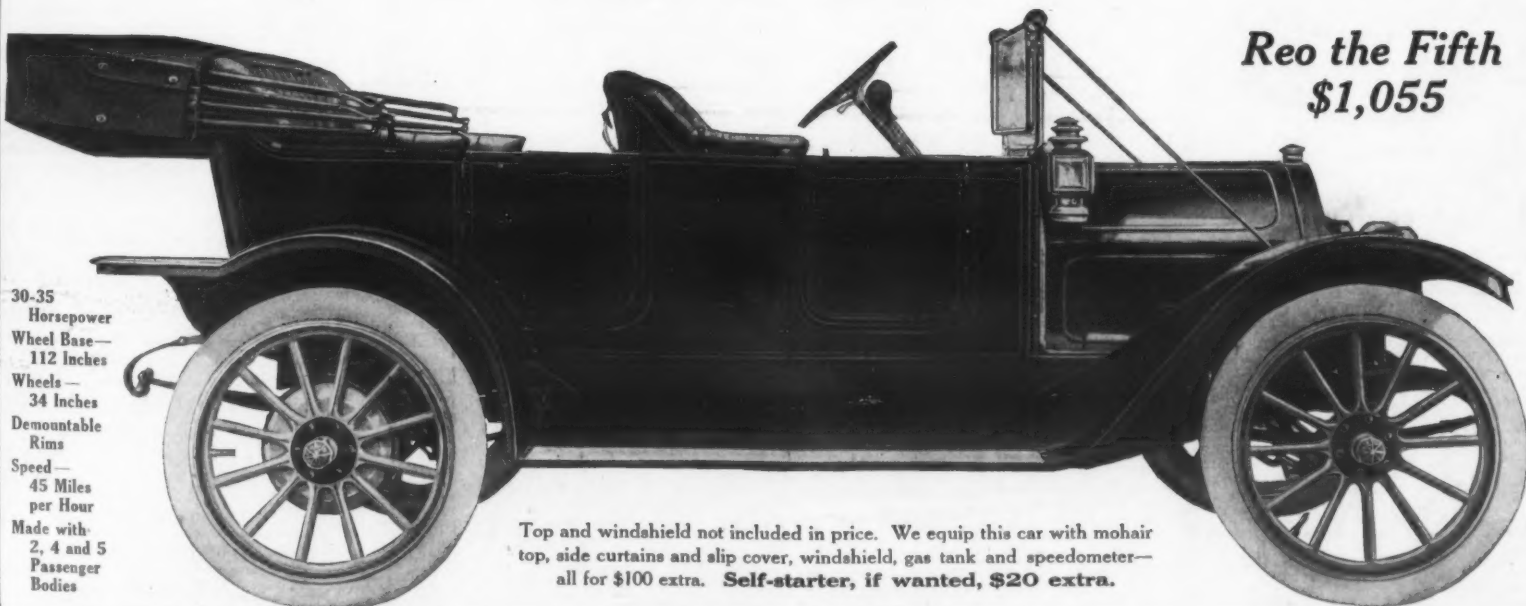
Dealers Everywhere

There are dealers now in a thousand towns who are ready to demonstrate Reo the Fifth. Write for our catalog, showing our various bodies, and we will direct you to the nearest one.

We are getting very close to the last opportunity to buy Reo the Fifth at its present price. When our present contracts for materials expire the price is going up. You will save by acting now. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



**Reo the Fifth
\$1,055**

30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 Inches
Wheels—
34 Inches
Demountable
Rims
Speed—
45 Miles
per Hour
Made with
2, 4 and 5
Passenger
Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. **Self-starter, if wanted, \$20 extra.**

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(Accredited)

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One of the Largest Institutions of Learning in the United States

In 1873 the school had 3 Departments,
4 instructors and an annual enrollment
of 210 different students. Now there are—

26 DEPARTMENTS 195 INSTRUCTORS
and an annual enrollment last year of

5625 Different Students Excellent Equipments

The reason for this remarkable growth is in the fact that the institution is constantly increasing its facilities, strengthening its courses of study and offering additional advantages, without making the expense to the student any greater.

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of the University is the well-known Chicago College of Dental Surgery, one of the oldest and best equipped dental schools in the country. Dr. Truman W. Brophy, Dean, Chicago, Illinois.

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The course of study in the Medical Department is the same as that of the best medical schools. The University owns its college and hospital buildings both in Chicago and Valparaiso. Two years of the work may be done in Valparaiso, thus reducing the expenses, or the entire four years may be done in Chicago.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL

enables the School now to accommodate all who wish work in music.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

The Revised Course in Civil Engineering is proving a most valuable acquisition. No extra charge. The expenses are made so low that anyone can meet them.

Tuition, \$18 per quarter of 12 weeks.

Board and furnished room, \$1.70 to \$2.75 per week.

Catalog mailed free. Address,

H. B. BROWN, Pres., or O. P. KINSEY, Vice-Pres.
The Fortieth Year will open September 17, 1913

Write for a Sample Cake



For 2c we will send you a sample cake, enough to last over a week. In this crystal clear soap we have caught the real fragrance of fresh violets. Write today for your sample; smell it, hold it to the light. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. T., Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

JERGENS
Violet Glycerine Soap



"3-In-One" brightens everything about home or office; injures nothing, not even soiling hands. "3-In-One" is the only

CLEAN HOUSE OIL

Oils bicycles and sewing machines. Good bottle and book free. Write quick.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
25 N. H. B'way, New York



Peach Short Cake

A well made Peach Short Cake is a delightful dessert. Where perfectly ripe and mellow, fresh peaches cannot be had, the canned fruit is about as good. To get a rich, crisp, and fine-flavored crust, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Mix and sift two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt; rub into it one heaping tablespoon butter and mix lightly with four tablespoons Borden's Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water. This will make a soft dough, which spread on a buttered pie tin. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Split, and fill with sliced peaches that have been sweetened to the taste, and cover with whipped fresh cream.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 84

THE road to advertising success is not obscure. It has been clearly marked by hundreds of merchants and manufacturers who have gone straight to the people with the news of their products and have then kept faith with them through the reliable quality of their merchandise.

Every successful advertiser has built up his business on a foundation of quality.

No advertising man, worthy of the name, will advise a manufacturer to take up advertising until he is satisfied the goods are absolutely reliable.

With this point settled, he will select for the advertiser a list of publications that go into the homes of the people he knows will buy the goods. The character of each publication must be carefully considered—whether it appeals to men solely, to women solely, or interests the whole family. Also its honesty and its responsibility—for as a publication is, so are its subscribers.

Through the medium of these publications the manufacturer has now to tell the story of his product. If he tells it intelligently and sincerely—and keeps at it—he will win, for he is talking to intelligent and sincere people who buy advertised goods and who take honest advertising at its face value.

T. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

Have More Than a Guarantee Behind Them

THE purchaser of a motor truck, to be secure in his investment, must consider not only the construction of the truck and its adaptability to his business conditions, but also the financial responsibility and the integrity of the truck manufacturer behind it.

The guarantees and free service offers under which so many trucks are sold, are no better than the reputation and responsibility of the manufacturers who make them.

White Trucks are manufactured by a company which has had the confidence and respect of the industrial world for over fifty years. The name of the White Company is the best guarantee in the world of the sterling quality of White Trucks.

The White Company
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of
Gasoline Motor Cars,
Trucks and Taxis.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Progressive Travel

The Pennsylvania Railroad stands for Progress.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is the train for all progressives.

The traveler on the "Special" wastes no time.

It covers the 908 miles between New York and Chicago at night—between business hours.

The "Special" leads in speed, comfort, and convenience, as the Pennsylvania Railroad has ever led in all that pertains to railway transportation.

Lv. New York (Penna. Station) - 4.00 P. M.
Lv. New York (Hudson Terminal) 3.55 P. M.
Ar. Chicago - - - 8.55 A. M.

RETURNING

Lv. Chicago - - - 2.45 P. M.
Ar. New York - - - 9.40 A. M.

The Secret of Heating Efficiency

is Told in This FREE BOOK

It contains letters from the owners of homes that were easily and economically warmed to 70° in blustering zero weather by the use of this system—suited to any boiler or radiator—efficient in all climates and weathers. It tells all about the



HONEYWELL SYSTEM OF HOT WATER HEATING

Improved methods of piping and certain patented devices go to make up a system of installation which is guaranteed to increase its efficiency from 25 to 50% with a saving in coal and economy of work and labor. Entirely automatic—no attention to drafts and dampers. Write for book today.

Honeywell Heating Specialty Co., 131 Main St., Wabash, Ind.

Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 bicycle. Write for Special Offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models... \$10 to \$27
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires.
1911 & 1912 Models all of best makes \$7 to \$12
100 Second-Hand Wheels All makes and models, good as new... \$3 to \$8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE.
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalog and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. F-54, CHICAGO

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Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.
MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

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F. W. McNair, President

Located in the Lake Superior District. Mines and Mills accessible for College Work. For Year Book and Record of Graduates apply to President or Secretary.
HOUGHTON, MICHIGAN

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Training with field work under Specialists in Civics, Charities, Child Helping, Settlements, Recreation, etc. Single Course \$12.50, 12 Courses (Diploma) \$75. 10th year opens October 1. Graham Taylor, Pres. Julia C. Laffoon, Vice-Pres.
Chicago School of Civics & Philanthropy, 31 W. Lake St., Chicago

ORIENT

CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days, \$400 and up, by new Canadian "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK

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TIRENEW

Cuts Down Tire Bills

Save your tires—don't let them rot. **TIRENEW** is a scientific preservative—a liquid unvulcanized rubber compound made of pure para gum. Protects tires from water, oil and light—flows into cuts and waterproofs the exposed fabric, preventing decay and lengthening the life of the tire.

Makes Tires Look New and Last Longer

Apply **TIRENEW** weekly—It will produce maximum tire service and give your whole car a well groomed appearance. Insist upon getting **TIRENEW**—avoid imitations. Don't buy anything just because it makes your tires white. Get the genuine—**TIRENEW**—a rubber compound in enameled lithographed cans.

Made in 2 shades
White and Tire Gray

Trial Can 25c

Ask your dealer—or mail us 25c for packing, etc., and we will send you a sample can of **TIRENEW** prepaid. Try it and you will use it. Don't delay—get it today.

NATIONAL RUBBER CO.

4404 Papin Street,
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

HELP FOR AUTOS

Be ready for any emergency. Autowline is 30 ft. of $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch flexible steel rope. It weighs only 6 pounds but can tow a 4000-lb. car up a 20% grade.

Basline Autowline

COILS UP FLAT
UNDER THE CUSHION

—till you need it. And then you do need it! Don't crowd and soil your car with bulky manila rope. Buy clean, compact Autowline for only \$3.75 at your favorite auto supply store. Autowline pulled the president's car out of a creek on the last Glidden Tour.



FREE. The Autowline circular tells the whole story in pictures. Write for it now. Sent free.

BRODERICK & BASCOM
ROPE CO.
805 North Second Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.
The Little Steel Rope
with the Big Pull

"Handy as a Pocket in a Shirt"

Everybody has to "pry into things" occasionally, and when they do, they need Bonner's Household Utility Tool to help. This has the combined virtues of a tack hammer, nail puller, crate opener and ice pick; and, besides, does a score of odd jobs that can't be catalogued.

BONNER

HOUSEHOLD UTILITY TOOL

is a sturdy little helper, of fine quality steel and well tempered. Drop forged and nickel plated. Every well organized household needs one. Handy in an office, necessary in a worker's kit. Size: 7 1/2 inches at 50c and 9 inches at 75c. Ask your dealer and don't be turned off with a "just as good." If not with him, send us his name and we will ship tool, prepaid, upon receipt of price.
C. E. BONNER MFG. COMPANY, Champaign, Ill.
Also makers of Bonner "Victor" Chain Pipe Wrench and other "special purpose" tools.

The University of Chicago

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Correspondence-Study Dept.
offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, etc. Begin any time.
U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

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WINONA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
Opens 11th year Sept. 16th. Two years ALL agriculture course, prepares for all phases of farming. Experience on College Farm, in growing crops, live stock, dairying, fruit growing, etc. Increasing demand for Farm Managers, also for teachers of Agriculture. Admissions Exam on reasonable terms. For Catalog, address
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Sacramento Valley Development Association, 809 24 St., Sacramento, CALIFORNIA

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
AUGUST 17, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX

NO 22

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President

CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary
JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer

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THE FIVE-TON PACKARD TRUCK

The addition of this truck to the Packard line gives the purchaser his choice of 2, 3 or 5-ton vehicles, according to hauling requirements, or allows a complete traffic equipment with Packards of different capacity

When you standardize your garage with Packard trucks you know that a permanent institution is back of the vehicles.

The Packard 5-ton truck is a massive carrier with a 40-horsepower motor and an automatic governor which limits the speed to 8 1-2 miles per hour.

Bodies of any type
Optional lengths of frame
to meet your requirements

Packard trucks are used in 162 lines of trade and in 235 different cities. Prompt technical and shop service by Packard dealers throughout the country.

Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit

Packard



Steady Company

In the best homes you will find no other food takes the place of Kellogg's.

In the best grocery store you will find Kellogg's the leading cereal.

The reason is that Kellogg's is best and they know it.

Hominy grits from which Corn Flakes are made are produced in many grades and sizes.

The grit millers will tell you that Kellogg's insists on the largest—the best grade they produce.

Somebody else has to use the others.

In the Kellogg's factory, the most complete and modern in the world, these sweethearts of the corn are transformed by many skillful processes into the nation's most popular cereal.

Last of all, but equally important, Kellogg's is always fresh because it goes from the ovens direct to the cars. It reaches your table in a shorter space of time from the hour it is made than any other cereal.



THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

H.K. Kellogg

There is just one best way to do anything

In the handling of money or the keeping of records

This is IT



ITS perfection is acknowledged by every nation on earth—212 different kinds of businesses, have granted its superiority over all other systems for—

recording sales,
checking losses,
safeguarding profits,
protecting the integrity
of employer and
employees,
warranting a square
deal to customers.

Made in over 500 styles and sizes,—each with a distinct difference and each difference based on the peculiar needs of a specific business.

No store is too small,—no institution is too large to operate to the best advantage without a National.

No matter *who* you are, *what* you do or *where* you do it,—if you handle money or keep records, write and find just what *sort* and *size* of National Cash Register is built to meet *your* especial requirements.

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

Collier's



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



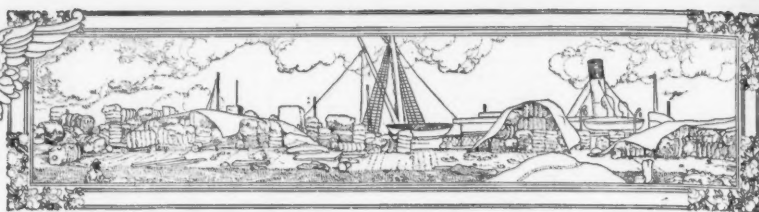
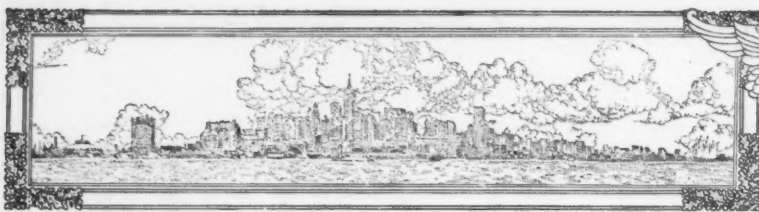
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



OO!!
What WILL Mrs. Grundy Say?



THE ISSUES

WHATEVER FACTS and ideas bearing upon the campaign for the Presidency may be in possession of COLLIER's will have plenty of time for their exploitation between now and November 5. Most of the issues will be discussed by us repeatedly and in full. Just now we offer merely a scenario—a brief outline of some conspicuous principles. In the first place, we wholly refuse to see fundamental antagonism between the various free and progressive political forces in the field. The Wilson Democrats, the Progressive Republicans, and those of both parties who have joined the new party, all make for destruction of archaic obstacles and unjust privileges. On many measures designed to forward this cause, all Progressives are practically agreed. On some questions of importance there are differing views, and some of these questions cannot be postponed.

Let us first consider some of the objections made to the Bull Moose party. On the third-term fear, our opinion is well known. It is reflected in the cartoon again this week. The belief that GEORGE WASHINGTON thought long service in the Presidency dangerous to the public welfare is one of the most erroneous of the many fictions of history. The most prominent papers which talk about ROOSEVELT as a DIAZ now were urging a third term on GROVER CLEVELAND not many years ago. Another attack on the new party that may be dismissed is that it is destroying a party which has a long and noble record. In reality the brigand chieftains of the Republican party have destroyed it and themselves. They are going to be a bad third in this election, and the Democrats and the Bull Moose will absorb most of what has been best in their ranks. It is dangerous to steal a national convention. It would have been dangerous, even without the sheer fraud, to have overridden popular opinion so conclusively expressed in nearly all the Presidential-preference-primary States. That insolence, following Mr. TAFT's fatal errors—in his chief advisers, his fight against the Republican Progressives, his laudation of the Payne-Aldrich Bill, his support of BALLINGER, his continuing support of McCABE and Secretary WILSON, his veto of the Wool Bill—took most of the strength out of the G. O. P. The new party merely carries on many of its best traditions. The fact that it was being formed made it possible for Mr. BRYAN and the free Democrats to win their superb victory over money and machines in the nomination of WOODROW WILSON. If WILSON is elected, the new party will help him to control the situation and will come into power with a rush in 1916 if the Democrats betray their leader.

Now for some of the attacks being made on WILSON. Some of them, it must be said, are unworthy because they are trivial, and others because they are insincere. Continually calling Governor WILSON "Dr." strikes some people as smart. It strikes us as third rate. The man who went through the great fight against plutocracy at Princeton, and then won a progressive program in New Jersey, is Governor WILSON, or Mr. WILSON, or WILSON, and any attempt to jeer at him because he is a student will become more sickening the more it is repeated.

Then take the prophecy that he will be dominated by machines. Everybody not blinded by factional enthusiasm knows that nobody has ever been in the Presidency who was less welcomed by the bosses, and who will act more entirely according to his own personal convictions, whether his measures are defeated or whether they are passed by Democrats, Republican Progressives, or new party members. Some of the most vigorous denunciations ever delivered against the idea that a virtuous leader must never be supported by anybody except a saint can be found in the words of THEODORE ROOSEVELT while he was President and while he was Governor. When WILSON was running for Governor he stated emphatically that if elected he himself would be the leader, and he has been.

Under the head of hypocrisy also must be put the distorted quotations from Mr. WILSON's books. Let nobody attack WILSON's position about immigration unless he disagrees with it. To believe it exactly right, and yet seek to arouse prejudice against it, is not less than contemptible.

These personal matters ended, we shall say a few words about the intellectual issues. The industrial and social program of the third party will offer no important difference of opinion with the Democrats. It can be an issue only with the Taft faction. The same is true of the direct- or popular-government program. The issue of nationalism against State rights offers a fighting ground on which the Democrats will be at a disadvantage unless Governor WILSON makes it clear that he himself, on such living issues as water power, is one of those who realize that steam and electricity have been harnessed since the Constitution was agreed upon. The foremost issues, we believe, will be the tariff and the trusts. On those two topics COLLIER's will express itself constantly during the next three months.

T. R. AND THE NEGROES

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has an extraordinarily good brain, and it served him well when he was forced to formulate his position regarding Southern negro delegates to the Bull Moose Convention. Whatever the ultimate solution of what is perhaps the most difficult of all our problems, there is no possible doubt that the whole South is injured, and the negro himself is injured, by the negro's present rôle in politics and by the consequent deadening of other political issues in the South. It would be a wholesome thing if Mr. ROOSEVELT, with this position on the negro question, should carry some of the Southern States. He never showed better practical sense than when he realized that the new party ought to avoid the Republican errors which have kept the South too solidly Democratic.

COURAGE

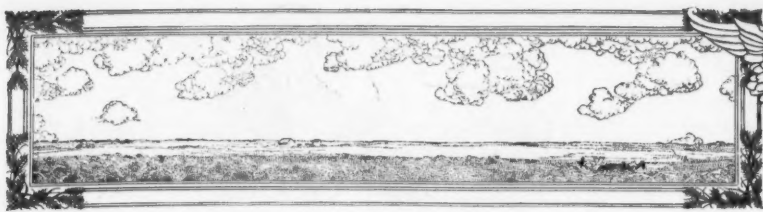
THE SNAPPING TURTLE, according to EMERSON, will seize a stick and hold it if his head is cut off; break the eggs of the young and before his eyes are open he will bite fiercely; so he will bite before he is born and after he is dead; and similar courage the philosopher observes in wasps, ants, and cocks. A step higher is the courage of the timid hen ruffling her feathers and attacking a dog in protection of her young. When animal and moral courage combine in a great need, as at Thermopylae, or on the *Titanic*, they inspire us always. What we need oftenest, however, is the courage to meet the requirements of every day; to defy convention, or to obey it; to think alone, or to submit; to be willingly poor; to discuss science and poetry and man's welfare in a frivolous and luxury-loving company. In politics we need courage of various kinds; no kind more than that of the man who dares think out of his class, as WOODROW WILSON thinks; who dared to attack the system that made Princeton an attractive rich man's club; who as Governor refused to hear talk about what he owed to those who elected him, well knowing it was the people who elected him. GROVER CLEVELAND was a man of an era earlier than this era, and in many ways profoundly different; but he was a man of such conviction and such courage that his place in history is high. The stand which he took about the Wilson Tariff Bill, when his party was betraying its platform, his unyielding opposition to free silver, and his willingness to invite any amount of unpopularity rather than sign pension bills which were not honest, put him in a class apart from other politicians. If Governor WILSON is elected President, and his party stands behind him, the Democratic record will be a splendid one, and the party will remain long in power. If, however, the peanut politicians and the special agents of the money power in Congress block Mr. WILSON, the result, we fully believe, will be that he will stand as firm as CLEVELAND, and after a bitter contest in the Democratic party, the Bull Moose party will be swept into office in 1916, and swept in by the votes of Democrats, who will be as ready to join the new party, if their own party acts badly in its great opportunity, as the Republicans have shown themselves since the fatal days of June.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

AT THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Association of State and National Dairy and Food Commissioners a resolution was introduced expressing appreciation of Dr. WILEY for his devotion to the consumers' welfare and for his constructive work in agriculture and chemistry. This resolution was defeated by 44 votes to 42, the opposition representing the crowd which stood by WILSON and McCABE. Two votes were cast by the United States Department of Agriculture. Those two votes were cast against the resolution. What do you think of that? And why is the President standing by WILSON and McCABE? What did his promise to go further in the matter mean? Did he learn nothing from the Ballinger controversy about the possibility of permanent suppression?

AGAINST LABEL FRAUD

THE BILL INTRODUCED in Congress to carry out the intent of the Pure Food Law, and to enable to prevail the dissenting opinion, on what a label may say, delivered in the Supreme Court by Mr. Justice HUGHES, ought to pass. We are not very proud, so far, of what has been done by the Democrats in Congress this session. They have shown more devotion to local buildings to get votes, and unearned pensions to get votes, than to a proper navy, or the Owen Bill, or conservation Alaska plans, or Mr. TAFT's efficiency policy, and it is not easy to exult over any accomplishment, with the exception of the Stanley report and a part of the tariff work. Here is a chance for the Democrats to pass something of intimate importance to the public without interfering overmuch with peanut politics.



A WATER-POWER CRISIS

THE DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS have committed a good many follies recently, but they could scarcely commit one more grievous than to succeed in turning down the recommendations of the Secretary of War in regard to water power. The public was aroused during the Ballinger controversy to the future vast importance of controlling the water-power supply of the nation. If a combination of two motives, the desire for local graft and an absurdly stupid application of State-rights ideas, shall result in Congressional overthrow of Mr. STIMSON's sound plans, one more step will have been taken to dim the bright outlook for Democratic victory in November. Mr. STIMSON has explained clearly to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that the water-power question, instead of being opposed to the navigation question, as many Congressmen seem to imagine, goes hand in hand with it, which, of course, increases the force of the argument that they should both be handled by the nation. The committee also seemed to imagine that Mr. STIMSON's position was theoretical, whereas it was the practical outcome of a situation that is very imminent. One of the most important engineering projects confronting the country is the method of improving our navigable rivers by the "slack-water" method, which consists in building, throughout a very large number of rivers which are too swift or too shallow for ordinary commerce, a series of dams by which the water is converted into a series of deep pools. This method is being applied at present to the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Muskingum, the Little Kanawha, the Great Kanawha, the Big Sandy, the Kentucky, the Green and Barren Rivers, and many others. It is an expensive method, however, and as it creates water power of commercial value, the question immediately arises, who is to bear the expense? Mr. STIMSON's proposition is that the commercial value of the water power which is created should be applied by Congress toward extending this method of improvement. Otherwise, if the work is to go on, the general taxpayer must suffer. All of the rivers included in the Omnibus Dam Bill can be improved by this method, and each of the permits asked for will result in an increase of commercial value. The Secretary of War does not believe that under the law, as it stands, he has authority to exact compensation. Water power is going to increase very rapidly in importance, and is likely, before long, to do a large part of the work of the world. The Congressmen who are interfering with an intelligent attempt to develop it, and at the same time to keep it in Government control and make it pay for itself, have minds which are inadequate to the questions of the day.

HIS BEST FRIEND

MANY GREAT WRITERS besides CICERO and EMERSON have written on friendship, but it may be doubted whether any essayist had a more definite idea than a small boy who was recently asked what he meant by "best friend." "My best friend," he replied, "is a person who knows me and yet likes me."

PLAY BALL

THE BEST BATTERS are continually passed intentionally nowadays—a purely accidental development of the rules, never contemplated when they were made. The practice injures the sport. It deprives the spectators of some of the best features of the game, and it gives the pitcher an advantage for which he makes no adequate payment. The ideal pitcher, like MATHEWSON, seldom or never does it, but it is becoming more and more frequent. What do our readers think? To our own mind, it ought to cease. It would be easy to stop it. The batter could be allowed to refuse a base on balls when he chose, or the umpire could refuse to send him to base when he judged the passing to be intentional. If the umpire decided it, a new element of skill would be introduced. The pitcher, instead of throwing the ball several feet outside the base, or over the batter's head, as he does now, would have to rely on control, putting it only a few inches out of position, in order to prevent the umpire's penalty, and this would also give the batter a chance, if he chose, to hit a ball not quite over the plate. We venture to say that if this change were urged at the next meeting of either of the big leagues it would be adopted. Recently CALLAHAN of Chicago fined his great pitcher WALSH for not obeying him when he gave the signal to pass ZINN. WALSH has been working for years to perfect a movement of the shoulders which will deceive the base runner without enabling the umpire to call a balk. CALLAHAN has not fined him for that; nor, seriously, do we object to any strategy of the kind on the part of the players, but we do think the rules themselves should be so drawn as to bring out all the best qualities of the game. President LYNCH and President JOHNSON, we understand, would favor a change, as do some players, including JOHNNY EVERS of the Cubs, not surpassed by anybody in strategy of the game.

ABE RUEF'S OBSERVATIONS

ABE RUEF, writing from prison the story of his political life, is doing better than the mere construction of a narrative of historical interest. Isolation has given him the opportunity to work out a philosophy, to become an interpreter. He sees the growth of a real interest in political issues—a very large proportion of the voters, he says, can "no longer be herded, as they have been in the past, upon one side or the other of futile mock issues." Surely he ought to know something about money's power; and he sees that the financing of a big campaign, where nonessential issues are advertised so loudly that they seem to be essentials, has become so expensive that only the very biggest interests—"great, rich concerns, which must win everything or lose everything"—can now afford to take the field in the old way. RUEF sees as a development of the future a realignment which is all but accomplished now. He forecasts two new parties, one led and financed by private interests with specific gain in view, whose voting strength will be drawn from "those who can be led by money and tricked by cleverly designed sophistries," and the party of enthusiasm for moral issues. RUEF uses the old terms—Socialists is the best word he can think of to describe the new generation of voters in California—but he has more belief in change than the rest of the old crowd. From KELLY, CRIMMINS, and DAN BURNS to HIRAM JOHNSON and WILLIAM KENT is a long advance in political leadership; from CROKER, HERRIN, and the other unemotional Southern Pacific group, who financed the campaigns of Republicans and Democrats alike, to the scores of volunteer workers for the progressive measures which California has enacted into law is a far-going change, and RUEF believes that the new order will last.

THE DEVIL'S BEAUTY

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have written to us about the origin of the French phrase "Beauté du diable." The phrase, which is current not only in English but in German, comes from the French proverb: "The devil was handsome when he was young"; and it means that even the ugliest person may be attractive in the bloom of youth. It is used in France to prophesy that the beauty which a certain young person has is of a kind that will quickly fade, but in this country it is used a thousand times with no idea of its meaning where it is used once correctly.

READING IN SUMMER

SEVERAL PUBLISHERS optimistically argue that "summer fiction" is becoming a weakened tradition. In most lines of business there is more leisure for books in the summer. For reading nature books, travel, and much of historical interest, the months of journeying and outdoor life are most appropriate; and there appears to be sense in the argument that a good many brains work as well with the thermometer above seventy-five as below thirty-two. Possibly the publicity men who lately have begun to collect some of these arguments against complete demoralization of the reading public during the hot spell were most to blame in the first place for establishing the tradition that the Tired Business Man and the Languid Lady should peruse nothing in July and August but feeble novels! Male readers certainly should shoulder as much of the odium for accepting the tradition as the Summer Girl. O. HENRY once went on record that:

Women do not read the love stories in the magazines. They read the poker-game stories and the recipes for cucumber lotion. The love stories are read by fat cigar drummers and little ten-year-old girls.

Women have a superior outlook for future summer reading seasons in that the new generations of college women are reading better books on the average than the typical young male collegian cares to consume.

... when that the month of May
Is comen, and that I here the fowles singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farwel my book and my devocioun!

Few who have quoted this appear to appreciate the fact that the poet said nothing about swapping his flowers and birds back again for a more tawdry variety of books.

GREATNESS

IT IS POSSIBLE to say of EMERSON, as he said of himself, that his sentences are mutually repellant particles—that he has no construction; of DICKENS that he runs too much to external tags for character; of JANE AUSTEN that her stage is small; of SCOTT that he is careless and long; even of SHAKESPEARE that he is uneven, cares nothing for the spiritual unity of the universe, and sees life only as a panorama. And when you have said all these things you have said nothing. You have not approached the thing that makes EMERSON, or DICKENS, or SHAKESPEARE; the differentness from the rest of us; the size; the greatness; the gift, that is all.



Umpiring from the Inside

As Told Grantland Rice by William Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LITTLE



IT WILL probably astonish a good many thousand people to know that, being an umpire in a big league, I have gray matter enough to attempt the telling of a story.

It may be they are right, but at the same time I feel that there are many inside points of my profession which will be more or less interesting and certain others which these many thousands should know before we are blamed with the losses of countless games yet to be played.

Umpiring in this age of cleaner sport is hardly listed with the gentler arts, but in the age wherein I made my choice of professions the umpire was beyond the pale—a social and a labor leper—outlawed by man and beast, and permitted to live only as a necessary evil in the requirements of a popular game.

I started in the lowest of minor leagues—in the bushes—worked my way in three years to a major league, and after eleven years of service upon the field I have yet to regret my original choice of jobs. And this in spite of the fact that a young lady I chanced to meet some time ago was astounded to hear that, being an umpire, I ever had a father and a mother, brothers and sisters, was married, and lived in a regular house, ate food for my meals, and frequently slept in bed—in short, that I was a human being able to love and hate, and if stuck with a pin would very likely say: "Ouch!" or something to the same effect.

AN UMPIRE REALLY HAS A HEART AND SOUL

SHE confessed that she had never given the matter close thought, but, like many others, had taken it for granted that umpires were composed of some strange substance which might be mineral or vegetable or animal, but was certainly not human. The thought of an umpire having a soul or a heart was entirely beyond her. There are thousands of others who feel the same way about it. This must be so when so many thousands will rise up and cheer the sight of an umpire writhing upon the field after he has been struck by a foul tip or wounded by a wild pitch.

But I am still satisfied with my choice, and I expect to be a big-league umpire for a good many years to come.

With recommendations that I knew something of baseball and had succeeded fairly well in amateur circles, I applied to the president of a small minor league out West for an umpire's appointment and was given my chance. The salary was \$100 a month, five months' work, with traveling expenses paid en route from town to town.

My first assignment was in a town where the ball field lay just beyond a muddy little creek, spanned by a narrow bridge. I had been in town less than two hours when I was informed by several sympathetic parties, all "home fans," that any number of umpires who had been careless enough to give decisions against the home club had been thrown off this bridge, and that while a few had managed to crawl out safely, the majority had remained as food for the hungry catfish which swarmed through the muddy waters below.

In spite of this advance knowledge, I gave one or two close decisions against the home club that first afternoon, but I must confess that after the game it took me well over an hour to tie my shoe strings and arrange my tie and collar before leaving the park.

MY FIRST "TOUGH DECISION"

MY FIRST game was enough to show the inside coloring of the life I had chosen to lead. As I came upon the field I could feel the tide of resentment against me as heavily as if I had been struck by a hand. This feeling of hostility was almost a living force. It came from both teams and from the spectators in the stands.

I saw then what I was up against; that amid the thousands around me I was to stand alone—hated by all—and tolerated as a necessary evil only. It was so in the "bushes" ten years ago. It is still the same. Fans and players stand for us because they have no other choice in the matter, and the game knows no other system of recording plays. I may umpire for a good many years longer, but I will never forget my first "tough decision." This play developed in the third game of my first series—less than two blocks away from the bridge and the creek referred to before.

With the score a tie in the last half of the ninth, one man out and a man on first and on third, the thriller came. The batter singled cleanly to left field. The runner on third raced home with what was apparently the win-

ning run. Then followed the double break. The runner on first went halfway to second—and broke for the clubhouse. The much-elated batter went three-fourths of the way to first—and then hiked for the shower bath. The excited and jubilant crowd began to surge on the field. I noticed the slip and waited. The ball was thrown to the second baseman, who touched that bag, and then, picking his way through the crowd, touched first and completed a double play, unassisted. The home team refused to clear the field, so I forfeited the game. I could almost feel the catfish nibbling as the crowd roared around me—but in some way I managed to live.

IF MERKLE ONLY HAD KNOWN OF THIS!

THIS play developed several years before the famous Merkle decision of 1908, which decided a pennant, and yet the latter is commonly supposed to be the first decision of this sort ever recorded. The situation I was forced to face might well be called a "Double Merkle."

I had been umpiring only a few days when the first law of the umpire's game struck me with force. This law was: "Attempt to please no one but yourself." It was then, and still is, the vital law of umpiring. At best you can please but one club. So why not include yourself?

This law was harder to follow ten years ago than it is to-day. For then we had but little protection from either players or fans. Because of this lack of protection visiting clubs usually had a hard time of it on the road. The day of the "home umpire," however, has passed. To-day we are instructed to call each play as it looks to us regardless of whom it pleases, and the power of a big league is there to back us up.

Soon after, I made another discovery. Before the week was out, I saw that I was calling the play as it looked to me, without knowing which team it hurt or helped. I saw only the play as it was made—not what effect it might have on the game. At the time I could not tell whether it was for or against the home club, for the play itself stood well apart from any effect.

I have found since that nearly all umpires are the same in this respect—that they call the play instinctively—not knowing until after the play is over what the effect might be upon either of the two contending clubs. We frequently don't know what the score is at the end of the game, nor how the different runs were made.

THE UMPIRE WHO HESITATES IS LOST

IN MAKING our decisions we have no doubt at the time that we are exactly right. An element of doubt may enter later on, but at the end of a year's work the average umpire will only be certain of four or five decisions which he knows have been called wrongly.

We have been frequently blamed for calling plays too quickly. This mistake is a natural one—and, a fault hard to break, for each play must be called in a flash, before that element of doubt blurs the calling. The longer you delay, the more in doubt you will be upon any close play. We are unlike judges in this respect. They may hear the evidence and submit their judicial opinion next week—or next month. In baseball this has happened but once. Several years ago the teams of Independence and Parsons, Kansas, deadly rivals, were playing a decisive game. A close play came up and the umpire gave his decision. In the rush which followed, he reversed his decision—and then reversed back. Finally, pursued by an enraged bunch of players, he swung out for the left field fence, hurdled over, and disappeared. Fifteen minutes later a boy rushed upon the field and delivered the umpire's ultimatum, given over the phone. "I have decided the play a draw," his edict ran, and the game ended. Also the umpire's career.

AFTER THREE YEARS—THE BIG LEAGUE

WE HAVE many different ways of curbing this tendency to call a play too quickly—before it is even made. The main trouble lies in checking the use of hands and arms before the voice responds. An umpire will frequently start to call out a play and find that he has waved the runner out—or safe—before his vocal chords were at work. In breaking myself of this habit, I still stand with my hands clenched tightly behind me. Other umpires use different methods to accomplish the same result.

After three years in the minors, I reached the goal of every umpire's ambition—the Big League, where after seven years of service, I am still on guard.

The first detail which struck me here, carried over from the minors, was the effect of kicking by players and managers. I began a close study, for the first time, as to the good or harm which resulted from this constant nagging and abuse to which every umpire is subjected. Those doing most of the kicking will tell you that they are not seeking to reverse any decision upon that particular play—but, are working for the next "close one."

Do they get it? About one time in five thousand decisions. Any umpire, to last, must have plenty of red blood and courage. And no man of courage is going to be bullied into favoring his abuser. This may have been true at one time—but not now with the protection we have from the president of our league. We try to give each decision as we see it, but, being human, or partly so, we are not going out of our way to favor a man or a club making our lives miserable by unending abuse. Umpiring is generally of a much higher class when the contesting teams are not continually protesting the decisions rendered. This matter of kicking and protesting decisions is the most interesting of all details of work.

TROUBLE MAKERS—FOUR VARIETIES

I HAVE found, in the main, that stars kick less than any others. Walter Johnson, the great pitcher of the Washington Club, is the easiest man in baseball to work with in calling strikes and balls. I have missed them on him badly, and at critical points—with never a word of abuse. Ty Cobb and Nap Lajoie, the stars of Detroit and Cleveland, are the same.

In 1906 George Stone, now in the minors, led the American League at bat with an average of .358. Stone was then with St. Louis. He was a good man at bat, but no wonder. Through that entire season he centered his attention upon the pitcher, not even turning to protest over a miscalled strike. I missed several on him in the course of the year, but he refused to let any decision destroy his balance. To this feature, more than any other, I attribute his leadership of the league.

Our main trouble comes from four sources: (1) Certain managers who are foolish enough to believe that an umpire can be bulldozed into calling close plays; (2) veterans, who are losing ground—who are on their way, and barely holding on, and are naturally out for every shade which may assist their last stand; (3) young players, just coming on, nervous and anxious to make good, and therefore fretful; (4) players, who, after making bad plays, seek to throw the fault upon the umpire, and thus escape criticism by the alibi route.

A bad slump, whether by a team or a batting star, also develops a tendency toward nagging and abuse, for some one must be blamed, and why not the umpire? It isn't his fault, but he is the most available target to be fired at. If these veterans fading out—or these youngsters breaking in—only knew how badly they injured their own cause by attempting to shift the blame, a sudden change in tactics would result.

THE WILES OF CATCHERS

I RECALL one star among many who was fading out, but who still had a year or two left beneath the "Big Tent." But he began to worry and to blame the umpire over every close play. Naturally, his attention was taken from the game, and by fighting the official, where he should have been fighting the other club, his career ended before the year was out.

Those who can start most trouble are the catchers. Here is an example: The game is close and the home pitcher is facing trouble. He shoots one toward the plate about three inches from the corner. It is properly and promptly labeled a "ball." The catcher may say nothing, but he looks our way, pounds the ball into his mitt, and then rolls it slowly back. In a flash the stands are in an uproar, and ten thousand fans are swearing this "perfect strike" cut the heart of the plate. This action by the catcher is repeated, and before the inning is out we "have cost the game" by our horribly inefficient eyesight and judgment. The catcher figures that by arousing the crowd he will force us to call the close ones his way and avert further criticism.

I have found that the three toughest decisions to make are those involving a game called by rain and by darkness, and the time for ejecting an unruly player.

It is all a matter of which team is ahead and which behind, from the players' viewpoint, as to whether it is raining too hard or is too dark to play. One year, in Cleveland, the Detroit Club attempted to delay the game when behind in the third inning, and I made them play it out, although the last inning was played in a cloud-burst. It was so bad that "Germany" Schaefer, now with Washington, wanted to play the fifth and final round with a raincoat over his uniform and a big umbrella held by his ungloved hand.

NICE JUDGMENT IN UMPIRE BAITING

THE proper time for putting an offending player out of the game calls for the keenest judgment. Many managers and players know by intuition just how far they can take their fight.

Fielder Jones, the great manager of the Chicago White Sox, was a wonder in this respect. In game after game he has come in and made his "roar." In each game I decided at a certain point that he had reached the limit and that his next offense would bring on expulsion. But Jones had no further kick to make that day. No matter how many close ones I called against his team, the White Sox leader kept well away. The Boston American League club had been after me in a certain game this season. I had just decided that the next kick meant trouble, when I

heard Tris Speaker call out to his team mates: "Lay off, boys, the next howl means the clubhouse and a fine. I can see it in Evans's face."

If you should ask me which town I thought the hard-



"Germany" Schaefer wanted to play with a raincoat over his uniform and a big umbrella held by his ungloved hand

est to work in, I should say at once "Chicago." I was with the White Sox a greater part of the 1906 campaign when they won the pennant. The fans were wildly excited over pennant prospects, and naturally disagreed with many of my rulings. Silk O'Loughlin would make it New York or Philadelphia. Jack Egan would insist that Cleveland led, and others would name still other cities.

The point is this—an umpire gets in bad in a certain town and from that point out he is never forgiven nor forgotten. After Hank O'Day's decision in New York over the Evers-Merkle case, he could give no close decision that was not against the New York club—according to the New York viewpoint.

In a decisive game between Philadelphia and Detroit, several years ago, Silk O'Loughlin ruled interference by a Philadelphia spectator upon a play which cost Mack's team the contest. Philadelphia fans still remember this and Silk has never been forgiven.

WHY CONNIE MACK DOESN'T KICK

IN 1908 Jack Egan umpired in Cleveland when that club won 30 of 37 games toward the close of the race. In the last week he called Bill Bradley out at first on a close play, which cost the game—and the pennant for Cleveland. Cleveland has never forgotten nor forgiven that decision and so Cleveland is still Egan's "bad town to work in."

In the long run there are no easy towns to work in, but I sometimes think there would be if those in the stands would only stop for a few moments and figure up the work which we must face.

I have kept tab and figured out that there is an average of 370 decisions to each game, including balls and strikes. This totals a run of 57,000 decisions a year, and any fair critic will find that 95 per cent of this total is called correctly. How many ball players, daily after our scalps, can show a higher season's average than this?

We are often accused of giving the "close ones" for or against a certain club. One season Connie Mack, the brainy and watchful manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, decided that the umpiring breaks were all against him. So Manager Mack started a system of keeping tab upon every close decision made for or against his club. At the end of the year his total showed a difference of five decisions out of the many hundreds of close ones made—less than one per cent of the plays called one way or another. This is one reason, among others, why Mr. Mack doesn't believe in nagging the judges of play.

Here is still another angle for players, and our critics in the stands to think over. An umpire, as I have stated, must give his decision at the moment, and yet there are countless plays over which players and fans argue for days and weeks without reaching a decision.

One of these plays happened to a well-known American League umpire during his bush league days. One man was out with a runner on third. The manager of the team at bat signaled for "the squeeze." As the pitcher started to wind up, the runner on third dashed for home. The man at bat carried out his part of the program by bunting, the result was a short pop fly. It was questionable as to whether or not the catch would be made. While the ball was still in the air, the man on third had crossed the plate. The coacher, thinking the ball would be caught, was frantically yelling for the base runner to retrace his steps to third. He dashed back for the bag. The fielder failed to catch the ball, but recovered in time to touch the runner who was making for third, after he had already crossed the plate. The side in the field claimed the man was out, but the umpire ruled correctly that the run counted since the runner had touched the plate and completed the circuit. This ruling created a world of discussion, and is still the topic of conversation among the arbitrators.

But the umpire in charge had but one second in which to arrange his decision.

Every now and then plays come up on the field which require the umpire to use Sherlock Holmes's methods. In a certain game several years ago a batter hit to left field and attempted two bases on the drive. It was an exceedingly hot day, and he had several buttons open on his shirt front. He slid into second head first. The throw from left took a sharp bound and got away from the infielder. There was a cloud of dust, and then the runner was seen dashing for the plate. The bewildered second baseman and shortstop started in pursuit. The umpire noticed that neither infielder made an effort to tag him. The third baseman joined in the chase as the trio rounded his corner. The pitcher, catcher, and umpire acted as a reception committee at the plate. As the runner crossed the umpire grabbed him, and making a hasty examination found the ball in his shirt. It had bounded in at the opening of his throat front as he slid into second. The runner was sent back to second amid the usual cries of rage from home partisans and home players; and he was, of course, exactly right.

JOHNNY EVERS ALMOST DID IT AGAIN

AS ANOTHER instance of startling decisions which umpires are forced to make upon the second, probably the most peculiar play in all baseball history developed in the Cuban League between two crack Havana teams. There was a runner on third with two out. The batsman had three balls called, and the fourth was a wild pitch. The runner on third promptly scored, and the batsman immediately whirled on to second. But in turning first he failed to touch that bag and was called out.

Should the run score or not? The rules say that no run shall be scored upon a third out. Yet the rules also say that a batsman is entitled to his base upon the delivery of the fourth ball. This play was cabled to both Presidents Johnson and Lynch of the two big leagues, and to several veteran umpires. One league president ruled that the run should score but the base runner was out. The other ruled that the run should score, even though the batter was declared out for failing to touch first.

I believe the latter ruling is the correct one, but the umpire on the job had about three seconds in which to figure this knotty tangle out.

I understand from a National League official that Johnny Evers, one of the closest watchers in the game, came near starting another riot in a Chicago-New York series this season at the Polo Grounds.

Devore was on first when Doyle followed with a two-base hit, Devore reaching third with Doyle at second. Evers's quick eye detected the fact that Devore had failed to touch second on his way to third. He called the play and the out was allowed. A few seconds later it occurred to Evers that he should have tagged Doyle before retiring Devore upon the technicality that, as Devore had not touched second, Doyle was not entitled to the bag, and, technically, he was out for passing Devore on the line, and a double play would have been in order. This decision would have surely caused some argument, and might have started another young riot. Doyle was entitled to the base, but Evers would have put up a stiff argument before going down to defeat.

In discussing umpiring from a technical viewpoint, the science of judging a game is purely and simply a matter of angles—not parallel lines. Yet most players and spectators see different plays from either opposite angles or from parallel trends. It is our business to know just what angle is the most effective one, and we are generally in the one and only place to call the decision as it actually is—not as it looks to be ninety feet away from an uncorrect angle. But this, the true science of our profession, is a detail overlooked by those ardent fanatics or overwrought players who have made up their minds about the play before it was even finished, and who, with the keenest eyesight on record, are in no position to focus their eyes along the only sure line of vision.

These few details may show that our profession is a trifle more intricate than it looks to be, and being

The umpire's ultimatum, given over the 'phone, "I have decided the play a draw," ended the game and the umpire's career



human, the effect of this constant criticism is bound to be heavy. I eat three good meals a day, and get eleven hours of sleep. I only work two hours a day, and yet in the course of a season I will lose from fifteen to twenty pounds. I know of no umpire who hasn't lost as much as ten pounds in a season, while I know of one conscientious official who in one season lost thirty pounds.

PITY THE POOR LONELY UMPIRE

FOR in addition to our work, the occupation is a lonely one. Before the double-umpire system was brought into effect about six years ago we traveled alone, stopped at different hotels from the players, and lived the life of a hermit. Now we travel together, but among the 5,000,000 citizens of New York I know exactly five people and only one of these at all well.

While the double system has cut away our loneliness, the development of the game has increased our work and worries upon the field. The fall-away slide, coming in from many different and unexpected angles, has taken away many years from the average umpire's life. The base runner now lurches in at full speed, hurls his body one way, and then shoots only his toe for the bag. You can figure what this means where ball and toe arrive about together in a cloud of dust for a decision involving the fate of the game, and possibly a pennant.

And yet we figure it all worth while. The rush and dash of the occupation—the nervous tension—the excitement gets to be part of one's life; and then again there is the matter of from \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year for two hours' work in but six of the twelve months. Two hours per day for six months may look easy, but how many men, doing their work well and honestly, would be willing to be branded a thief and a crook and be held up as an enemy to the human race, even for \$5,000, for only 144 hours from January through December? From the right type, the answer is sixteen big league umpires from 100,000,000 people, and a constant demand for new officials who can deliver the goods in the face of a daily assault from everyone else connected with the game.

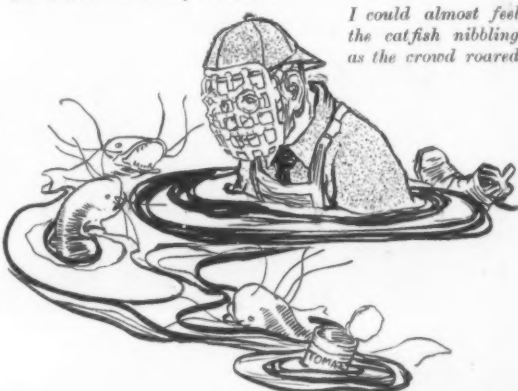
ALL THAT IS REQUIRED TO MAKE GOOD

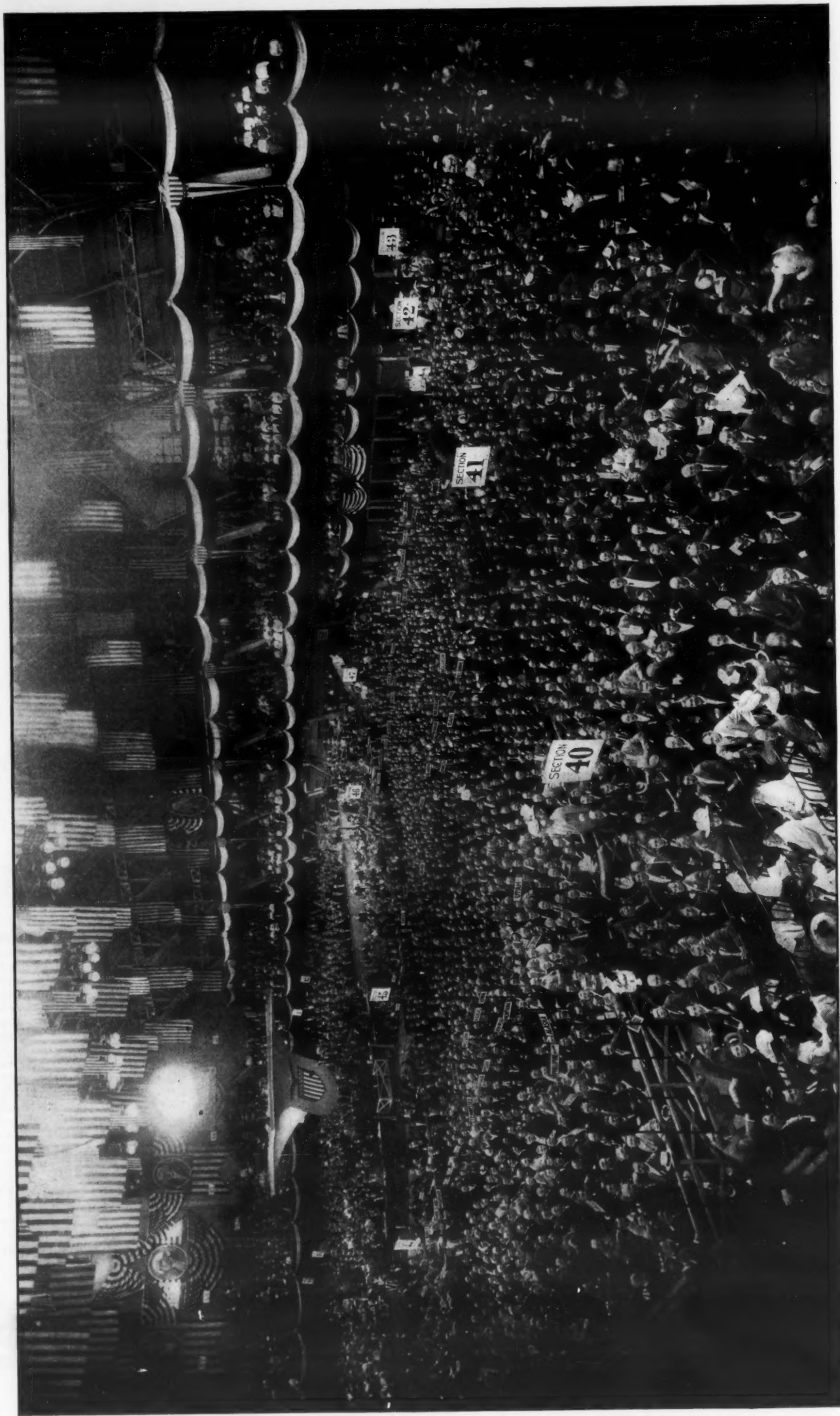
IS IT hard to make good? Is umpiring really as tough a job as many think? A few years ago I was waiting in my dressing room before the game, talking to a young umpire who had just broken in and who was looking for a job. At this angle the president of a well-known Class A league dropped in. I introduced the young umpire with a strong recommendation.

"Well, I'm looking for another umpire," remarked President —. "I have an easy league to work in, too. All I require from my umpires is to satisfy the players, club owners, the public, and the press. If you can do this you will have little or no trouble."

Which is quite true. As long as we can fully satisfy players, club owners, the public, and the press, the rest of it is comparatively easy. Comparatively easy despite the fact that I still carry a scar upon my head where I was struck with a well-aimed pop bottle. It may have been, of course, that I failed to satisfy all the above parties named, which sometimes happens in the course of a day's work.

I could almost feel the catfish nibbling as the crowd roared





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The First Session of the National Progressive Party, at the Coliseum, Chicago

The National Progressive party was born in Chicago on Monday, August 5, being ushered into life with a crusading prayer by a Lutheran pastor of Chicago, the Rev. T. F. Dornblazer. Former Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, as temporary chairman, delivered the keynote speech of the new party, giving its program of industrial and political reforms in detail. He concluded with the quotation of the opening line, "Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whereupon the whole convention sang the hymn to the end. Both inside and outside the convention hall women wore prominent. Jane Addams sat as a delegate from Illinois; and women from East and West were scattered through the delegate assemblage. In the streets suffragists paraded. Thus the setting for a political convention was unique. Theodore Roosevelt, nominee of the party for President of the United States, did not attend the early convention sessions.



An Indian Bathing Festival

Once in twelve years there is held at one of the ancient temples near Tanjore in southeastern India a religious bathing festival. It is of uncertain origin and is the occasion for a pilgrimage of natives from the surrounding country who come to take part in the ceremony, which lasts only a few days. It is estimated that more than 200,000 came to the one held this year. The photograph shows a remarkable aspect of the river scene. The ruins of the temple in the background are of the ancient Dravidian style of architecture



Detroit Honors the Memory of Cadillac, Its Founder

Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac, in likeness of old, returned again July 23 to the city he founded 211 years ago, July 24, 1701, and was welcomed with a public ceremonial and a water carnival. Andrew H. Green, Jr., who impersonated the explorer, no sooner was through celebrating the birth of the city than he set forth to rouse a new civic spirit in the Detroit of to-day. For he is at the front of the reform body which has accused several Detroit aldermen of wholesale grafting, caused their arrest, and started a municipal housecleaning

Two of Them

By MARK SULLIVAN

WHEN Senator Elihu Root of New York, Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado, and several others of the same kind called to notify Mr. Taft that the Republican party had renominated him for the Presidency, he made a long and solemn speech. He called them and the others associated with them at Chicago defenders of the Constitution, saviors of society. His speech was so fervid that the next morning his chief newspaper advocate broke forth in this panegyric:

"He and the Republicans who stood by him did a vital and memorable service. They blocked the third-term cabal. They maintained a great national tradition. And they are maintaining, as is set forth in Mr. Taft's speech, representative government under the Constitution and the independence of the courts."

Now let us see exactly what kind of men these are who are doing "a vital and memorable service," who are "maintaining a great national tradition," who are "preserving representative government under the Constitution," who are "defending the courts." And bear in mind that President Taft knows, just as well as you shall know when you have read this page, exactly what kind of men these are, exactly what they are doing, and exactly why they are doing it.

THE SECOND IN COMMAND

THE general manager of the Republican party, the leader who planned Mr. Taft's nomination at Chicago, and with six efficient aids brought it about, is William Barnes, Jr., of Albany. Mr. Hilles, then Mr. Taft's secretary, now the titular national chairman of the Republican party, said in praise: "Barnes held the bridge at Chicago." Now Barnes's right-hand man at Chicago was Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania. Penrose was and is second in command in the Republican party in the United States, both officially and unofficially. He holds the position by reason of the fact that he is chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate. The power and perquisites of this position cannot be described more adequately than by saying merely that it is the position which Aldrich held for all the years when he was the leader of his party in the Senate. It was the position that made him all that the name Aldrich means. Knowing Mr. Penrose's rank in the Taft forces and in the Republican party, let us look at the record which makes it possible to speak of him, not in rhetoric but in formal accuracy, as one of the Standard Oil's hired men in the Senate. For access to the letters which record Mr. Penrose's services and the money he got for them, the public is indebted to "Hearst's Magazine" for August, in which they are reproduced in facsimile.

Some ten years ago there was in existence the United States Industrial Commission,



These two men are the first and second in command of the Republican party in the United States to-day. Barnes (on the left) is the man who "held the bridge" at Chicago and the actual head of the Republican National Committee in the work of managing Taft's campaign. Penrose (on the right) was Barnes's chief assistant at Chicago, and is the successor of Aldrich in the position which gave Aldrich his power, chairman of the most important committee of the Senate—finance. Both are graduates of Harvard College and come from backgrounds that are commonly supposed to make for character; as a matter of fact they are two of the most sinister forces in American politics to-day.



composed chiefly of members of the Senate and the Lower House. In its day it was an important institution, having much the same character as the committee that has just finished the investigation of the Steel Corporation. The chief business of this old Industrial Commission was to investigate the Standard Oil Company. The chairman of the commission was Senator Kyle. One of the members was Penrose, then, as now, Senator from Pennsylvania. Kyle died, and John D. Archbold, now president of the Standard Oil Company, wrote to Senator Penrose:

"... We are very strongly of the opinion that you should take the chairmanship. ... Lastly, and may we hope not unfairly, we make it as a strong personal request. May I venture to ask for an affirmative answer by wire?" ...

That sounds pretty peremptory, but later letters reveal that the president of the Standard Oil Company had a right to be peremptory to Mr. Penrose—the right that every master has to give orders to a servant whom he pays, and pays well. For the whole of the correspondence, in which it is recorded that Chairman Penrose sent an advance copy to Mr. Archbold for approval, and that Mr. Archbold O.K.'d it before it was given to the country—for these letters, see "Hearst's Magazine" for August. The final letter, in which Mr. Archbold paid in full, read thus:

26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. October 13, 1904.

(Personal)

MY DEAR SENATOR—In fulfillment of our understanding, it gives me great pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for \$25,000, and with good wishes, I am,

Yours truly, JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

HON. BOIES PENROSE,
1331 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

That letter is now nearly eight years old; to grasp its full significance in terms of the present day, try to imagine Congressman Stanley, who conducted the Steel investigation, receiving a check for \$25,000 from the president of the Steel Corporation "in fulfillment of our understanding."

THE MAN WHO "HELD THE BRIDGE"

OF BARNES, some has been printed in this paper already and more will follow. For the present it will be enough to print once more this extract from the official

report of the Special Committee of the New York Senate Appointed to Investigate the City and County of Albany:

"The most conspicuous beneficiary of graft, public extravagance, and raiding of the municipal treasury we find to be Mr. WILLIAM BARNES, JR., HIMSELF."

The details of some of the things included in the committee's word "graft" make up as sordid and unwholesome a tale as there is in contemporary American politics.

THE OTHERS

THE most important of others in the little cabal which Mr. Barnes made use of at Chicago were:

Senator ELIHU ROOT of New York.

Senator W. MURRAY CRANE of Massachusetts.

Senator REED SMOOT of Utah.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of New York.

For its light on contemporary morals, it should be recorded that the last-named of these is one whose occupation is the teaching of youth. As president of Columbia University he is supposed, for four impressionable years in the lives of several thousand young men, to implant ideals. Does Mr. Butler's eager and conspicuous activity in the sort of associations set forth on this page suggest anything to the parents of these young men, or to the alumni of the university? And have they given any thought to what means of alleviation they might come upon if they searched?

ANOTHER PENROSE CONNECTION

ROCKY MOUNTAIN folks will be interested to know that Senator Penrose has become wealthy in his own right of recent years as a partner of Senator Simon Guggenheim in the copper and smelting business.

THE HEART OF IT

THE one central evil in American public life to-day is the secret freemasonry between high politics and that part of big business which is corrupt. That is the "system." Taft, though he does not profit pecuniarily, is all bound up in it, and his sympathies are in favor of it; the Republican party, of course, exists by it and for it. As to Wilson, not only is he absolutely clear of it personally, but in New Jersey he has done much to break it up, and as President he would do more. Of the Democratic party as a whole, however, not as much can be said. There are Democratic Senators who serve big business as faithfully as Penrose; in New York, in Illinois, in Indiana, the Democratic machine is bound up in this freemasonry, and, unhappily in those States, Democratic success will make it more powerful. Of the Third party it can be said not only that it begins its existence without it but also that its central principle is opposition to this corrupt alliance.

The Corn Dance at Santo Domingo

A Spectacular Religious Festival Among the Indians of New Mexico

BY THE last of July the sedate little Indian village of Santo Domingo becomes thoroughly baked and browned and turned to a crisp. Through the months of April, May, June, and July, with scarcely a single shower to relieve the tension, the piercing radiance of a fiery New Mexican sun has blazed down upon it. Heat rises from the roofs of the low adobe houses in wavy, centrifugal sheets.

The women folks busy themselves inside their rude mud houses baking and painting pottery, while the children pass the long hot hours playing around the edges of the shallow water holes of the willow-fringed Rio Grande, which is anything but a Great River at this point, there being scarcely enough water in it sometimes to satisfy the parched throats of half a hundred thirsty ponies. Daily the young bucks of the pueblo leave the village before sun-up for their corn and alfalfa fields, returning in a body at night chanting their folk songs of the season with weird rhythm. No longer able to weather the relentless rays of the sun in the fields, the old men put in their days at home in the village, squatting about in the sheltering shade of their respective domiciles.

A TOWN IN HIDING

SAVE for a bunch of ponies in the barely discernible stake-encircled corral near the river, and a dozen or two young boys and maidens—circumstantial evidence of the town's inhabitation—who will be trudging across the mesa toward the little station at Thornton to sell odd bits of pottery to the tourists, a view of Santo Domingo from the car windows a mile away reminds you of some Western Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Indeed, if you miss sight of its little whitewashed church, the chances are that you will overlook the town altogether, for the blue-gray-brown of its cluster of houses is all but lost against the blue-gray-brown of the hills and the surrounding country, as the protective coloring of the ptarmigan is swallowed in the snow-scapes of the north.

Such is a distant view of Santo Domingo at least three hundred and fifty days in the year.

But if you happen to journey by on the fourth of August you will look upon a more animated scene. Scattered over the mesa will be little puffs of dust that tell of Indian visitors from Sia, from San Felipe, from Cochiti, from Santa Ana, from many other New Mexican pueblos, far and near, loping toward Santo Domingo. Lumbering along the rutty roads may be seen a number of antebellum mule wagons, loaded to the gunwales with Mexicans, advancing apparently toward the same goal. Perhaps from the very train upon which you are traveling, a group or two of ethnological Americans—principally ethnological Americans, because the average tourist does not appreciate the importance of the fourth of August at Santo Domingo from a pageantry point of view—will shuffle off across the sand in the direction of the little whitewashed church, fondling his or her old familiar shoe box filled with lunch.



The Corn Dance: "It is doubtful if a more striking pageant is offered the visitor by any tribe in America than may be seen on this day when the ceremony is at its full height"

There is but one reason for this wholesale pilgrimage to Santo Domingo on the fourth of August: it marks the date of celebration of the great Corn Festival—a pageant such as you might expect to witness on some half-civilized South Sea island, but hardly in the United States proper, and but a mile from the right of way of a transcontinental railroad. It is a pageant second only to the famous Flute, Antelope, and Snake ceremonies of the Hopis in Arizona. Dr. George A. Dorsey, Curator of Anthropology of the Field Museum, Chicago, says: "It is doubtful if a more striking pageant is offered the visitor by any tribe in America than may be seen on this day when the ceremony is at its full height."

By way of introduction, Santo Domingo is included among the six villages of Pueblo Indians in the Southwest that speak the Keresan dialect—San Felipe, Sia, Santa Ana, Cochiti, Acoma, and Santo Domingo. All are situated in New Mexico and all within easy reach of Albuquerque or Santa Fe. Santo Domingo is perhaps the most readily accessible of all, lying, as it does, within walking distance of Thornton, some thirty miles north of Albuquerque. It is a large village, as villages go in New Mexico, Indian or otherwise, having a population of over seven hundred. The town is laid out with some attempt at symmetry, but none at sanitation. It is almost as filthy as Naples, and just as picturesque. Its one- and two-story houses are somewhat larger than the average pueblo residences; crude ladders lean against them here and there, showing the means of attaining the second floor or roof. In the middle of two of the streets the circular, windowless walls of the *kivas*, or fraternity halls, screen from public gaze the mysterious rites that take place within them. To the undergraduate a fraternity hall in Santo Domingo might seem a bit anomalous, but the Indian, although he wears no jeweled insignium and knows no secret grip, is always an enthusiastic fraternity man, and his fraternal societies are the oldest-born in America.

They are a conservative lot, these bronzed inhabitants of Santo Domingo and ultrareligionists. Therefore, it is scarcely necessary to say that the Corn Dance on the fourth of August is not their only religious ceremony. It is the largest, most imposing, most important, and most spectacular, and to it the world is invited if it wishes to come; but the writer has happened along, the only visitor, on two or three occasions when a dance was in progress, and he was not exactly made to feel as welcome as a brother.

The Corn Dance is a demonstration of prayer. It is supposed to appeal to the gods of the Clouds and the Lightning, and to soften their hearts into sending the rains to moisten the cracked trenches of their worshippers' corn patches. It shows the Indian's stubborn and abiding faith in the powers of his deities. Yet within a hundred yards of the great, round 'dobe-walled kivas stands the cross-crowned house of worship of a Christian faith, served by an itinerant priest, who, perhaps this very day of our visit, the fourth of August, will join in marriage by a Christian ceremony some of the young bucks and their sweethearts, who will be performing all the acrobatic gyrations of infidel worship half an hour later.

Three days of secret prayer and preparation precede the dance, and every man in the village goes through

By

BLAIR JAEKEL

Photographs by Charles A. Wright

a general preening and pluming in the hands of his better half or sister. He spends an afternoon at least having his long black hair taken down, washed and dried and combed and put up again and tied with a clean new *faja*. The women cut down from the side of the house a string of their hottest chili peppers for the copper-throated Mexican visitors; they bake innumerable thin slabs of hard black bread and prepare their most delectable dishes for cooking. It is considered an insult if a stranger offers money in payment for hospitality in Santo Domingo on the day of the Corn Dance; and the formality of an introduction to the host and the hostess is unnecessary. The visitor has but to enter any dwelling in the pueblo, squat in the circle around the kettles with the family, and he will be duly served with samples of each concoction, while the tittering children hide bashfully behind their parents and older sisters.

There is possibly but one restriction put upon the stranger within the gates of Santo Domingo on this,

its greatest day of the year, and that is to refrain from making photographs. The Indian is as superstitious as he is religious—if one may distinguish between Indian superstition and Indian religion. The Santo Domingan holds—although some few relinquish their beliefs for the time being in the face of monetary magic—that if a likeness is made of him he will die between the setting suns. In the little village in which we lived, sixteen miles north of Santo Domingo, a friend of mine once made a photograph of two very chummy young bucks who in time had come to call us brothers. They submitted to the operation with all the friendliness and trust that an Indian is capable of putting in any white man. That same afternoon, while stealing a train ride



A Santo Domingan clown in full regalia

back to Thornton, they were both killed in a head-on collision between theirs and another freight train. Call this an accident, fate, preordination—what you will; we knew what the relatives of the dead Indians would have called it if they had come to know about the photograph.

THE TROUBLES OF CAMERA MEN

FOR the reason, then, that photographing is not encouraged, many are the subterfuges invented by the visitors to deceive the wily Indian and make pictures of him doing his Corn Dance. The patched-up cigar box is a common concealment for a camera. Some even try to operate their kodaks through holes cut in their lunch baskets. Mr. Charles A. Wright, however, speaks their language and has many friends among them. The accompanying photographs were made by him with the consent of the Governor of the pueblo and of the dancers themselves.

The conspicuous event of the morning program at Santo Domingo on August 4 is the wholesale marriage ceremony at the low, white church. The priest not being able to visit the pueblo as often as he might if he had fewer parishes to minister unto, the Indians usually save up and get married in a batch, probably receiving the worthy ecclesiastic's benediction at club rates.

The dance commences in earnest at twelve o'clock.

(Concluded on page 24)



Watching the dance from a front yard
Aug. 17



The dancers entering one of the "kivas"



A morning greeting in Santo Domingo

How They Got the Hattie Rennish

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN



ON THE word being passed that Alec Corning was back from the West Coast a few reminiscent friends went to hunt him up; and found him in the Anchorage, in a back room overlooking Duncan's wharf; and Alec was agreeable, over a social glass and a good cigar, to explain how it came he was back in Gloucester.

"If they'd only let us alone, I'd 'a' got — and Archie Gillis too—good and rich."

"Rich, Alec? You rich?"

"Well, maybe not quite rich, for that, o' course, would call for saving, but certainly I'd had a roll to spend before I was done—if only they'd let us alone. But would they? Man, the meddlers they were!—the brass-buttoned, steam-winded buttinskis!"

"But if that is their business, Alec?"

"M-m—maybe. But Russians, English, Japs—yes, an' American cutters and gunboats before they were done—you ought to see them!"

Alec paused, but only for a quick breath. "We had the finest little scheme of sealing till they took to hunting us. Up and down the length and breadth of the sealing grounds they'd up and chase us whenever they'd get word of us—from the Japan coast back by way of the Aleutians—clear down, one time, a pair of 'em, till we had to put in behind Vancouver Island and hide the Hattie behind a lot o' screen boughs."

Alec paused; this time for a longer, an almost reflective, breath. "That being their business, p'raps they were all right, but ain't it a fine thing when a gang wants to go seal hunting that a lot o' Gover'ment people must specify where they can kill 'em, and when?—and they swimmin' the wide ocean as the Lord intended! And our little vessel—the Hattie Rennish when she used to go fresh halibutin' out o' here—remember her?"

There were several who heartily remembered the Hattie.

Presently, letting the elevated front legs of his chair drop to the floor, Alec rested one forearm on the table and went on to tell of how at last they got the Hattie Rennish.

"'Twas a Californian man named Trumbull bought the Hattie when she was fresh halibutin' out o' Gloucester. A good sort of a man, and 'twas him got me, with Archie Gillis for mate, to bring her 'round to Frisco."

"But the time I'm going to speak of the Hattie—painted green she was, and called the Pioneer—was layin' into Seattle, when a chap comes aboard with a letter from Trumbull to me explaining that certain aspects of the sealing business 'd been taking on a serious look to him lately and he'd sold the Hattie, and the party who'd bought her, letter herewith, might want to do business with me."

"The looks of the new owner didn't warm me toward him in the start-off. Looks, of course, ain't everything, but when you don't know much about a man you got to go a lot by his looks. Yes, you sure have. And I'd seen him before, joy cruisin' on the Barbary Coast one night with a lot of drunken sailors—only he wasn't drunk. And I knew what he was—some Chinese blood in him, and the name o' being a slick one. But I didn't say anything about that. Gratu'tously telling a man you don't like him don't lay you up to wind'ard any. No. And we sat down and he explains what he wanted. There was a consignment of a few bales of hemp waiting up on the British Columbia coast, and would I run the Hattie over and slip back with 'em? And we'd have to leave right away."

"Well, I would—after a talk. And with Archie Gillis and a few hoboes I picked up in Jack Downing's place in Seattle we put out. Archie was mate and to get two hundred dollars and me five hundred."

"It was a fine night, that night, and we put out into the Sound and worked our way up through the islands, and the second morning later slips into a little cove behind some high hills with trees along the banks—in Georgia Strait. Twenty-four hours we lay there, and then we hears a steamer's wheel, but we don't see her; only a couple of hours later the owner comes for me in a big ship's quarter boat, and we work the Hattie over to a little island where we find a lot of bales wrapped in burlap and hid in a cook's shack."

"That all? I asks my new owner—Durks his name. "Oh, yes—there's a couple o' Chinamen here. But let's see—where are they? He looks around. 'They're not here—strolling in the woods somewhere. We'll take them along, too,' he says. 'You won't mind that, will you?'"

"Now there was nothing in the contract about Chinamen, and I didn't like the notion of him working 'em aboard in that way, but I said all right and soon as dark came we'd roll 'em aboard and put out."

"Well, the boss and I sits down to lunch in the cook house, and by and by, with nothing to do but wait for dark, we stroll around the island. Now I'm no wizard in anything, but I always did have a good ear. And no harm at all, a good ear, when you got to do most of your own watching out. Before we'd gone far I knew somebody was trailing me and the new owner. I could hear steps behind us an' dead twigs snapping and somebody shoving aside branches, and once, when we stopped for a talk on the edge of a clearing, I knew I heard somebody breathing just behind the bushes which was hanging over the logs we were sitting on."

"Now I knew that this Durks wasn't very popular in the quarters where he did business, and 's I wasn't aching to have any Chinese tong man hit me over the head with any hatchet by mistake in a shaded wood, I just naturally fell out of step and lost him, and being some trailer myself, I took to trailing whoever it was 'd been trailing me and Durks, and by and by I come up behind him, and when I do I grip him where he won't make too much noise nor do me too much harm till I let him. He wasn't a very big chap, nor any too strong, and I sets him down on the nearest old tree trunk and—'What is it?' I asks."

"HE LOOKS at me and shakes his head and says: 'No sabby,' and I looks at him and I shakes my head and says: 'Oh, yes, you do, Johnnie Sing. I wasn't wearing any whiskers when I used to meet you in Wall-Eye Bunsen's place. I've cultivated them for protective purposes only, to hide my face but not my intelligence—so you just overlook them and try and recollect Alec Corning. Now what d'y'say?'"

"'Hello, Captain Corning!' he says; and, no pretending, he was glad to see me."

"'Whitely,' I says—'Bill Whitely when you say it out loud. What's your trouble, Johnnie?' And so you c'n all get it right, I ought to say first that Johnnie Sing was a sort of Americanized Chinaman, who the last

time I'd seen him was inquiring if he couldn't become an American some way. He'd been born in Lima on the West Coast, where there's a big colony o' Chinamen, and he was part Chinese, the rest of him Peruvian Indian. A Christian, too, he was; which I'm not putting up as being for or against him, except so you'll see he had as much right to be a Christian as anything else. His mother was Christian, and so it wasn't like as if he had turned against his own to get on in the world."

"JOHNNIE was a good sort, and he'd made a few dollars in the tea business, and so maybe ought to 'a' been happy. But he wasn't. There was an old Chinaman, and not too old either, who'd married a Finn woman came off a wrecked Norwegian bark. They ran a laundry together, and by'n'by they came on to Frisco and ran a laundry there. And Johnnie followed them. A good woman, and she died leaving a well-grown little girl, and by'n'by the old fellow he figures he's made enough and goes back to have a look at China. But no sooner there than he learns he won't live very long, and he writes Johnnie of it, or maybe it was the girl did, her and Johnnie having been always about three-quarters in love with each other. And Johnnie he cruises over to China, and the old fellow, savvyng how things are, says all right, marry, and they get married, and he gives 'em his blessing and lays down and dies. A good old scout, Johnnie said, and I guess he was."

"Well, everything's fine, only Johnnie wants to come back and live in the United States, and the girl too. She was sixteen years old when she left California, and a woman's life in the United States looked a lot better to her than in this land of one-half her ancestors. So she and Johnnie takes a steamer to Vancouver, and they get there all right; but not till they got there did either of them happen to think that they were foreigners and barred as Chinese from coming into the United States. Which was a pity, they being pretty white and so strong for everything American. Anyway, Johnnie writes to Trumbull, my old boss, to see what he could do, and after ten days or so Durks happens along and bumps into Johnnie and is surprised as you please to see him, and Johnnie tells him his story, and Durks tells him not to worry about that—that he'd smuggle him and his wife across in a schooner he'd just bought. They would take a little coast steamer and meet her a few hours up the coast, and then across the Sound to Seattle—'twould be the easiest thing ever you see."

"And there they were, Johnnie and his wife, and when he got that far in his story Johnnie stops and looks up at the sky most mournfullike. Spring time it was, mind you, and fine weather, with the sun shining and the waters of the inlet rolling up on the rocks gentlelike, and the first of the birds were up from the south and singing and chirping, and, I s'pose, nesting overhead—a bran'-new spring day in a piny grove on a pretty little island off the coast of British Columbia, when anybody should 'a' been happy, 'specially with a new young wife."

"Well, what's wrong—what you so blue about?" I asks Johnnie, when he'd got through squinting up the tree branches to the sky."

"And he tells me how after his wife was aboard the

Presently, letting the elevated front legs of his chair drop to the floor, Alec rested one forearm on the table and went on to tell of how at last they got the Hattie Rennish



steamer which'd brought 'em to this place she sees Durks and tells Johnnie how Durks came near kidnapping her one time—before she went back to China with her father. Her father and Durks had a terrible row over it. Her father near killed Durks with a hatchet. And now here was Durks turning up in this accidental way; too accidental altogether—for Durks. He would steal her or something, and once he got her into San Francisco they could be swallowed up with her. Huh—a Chinese row the police would say, and not bother too much. Not like stealing an American girl. 'And if he gives me over to the police, I am not an American citizen—out of the country I must go,' winds up Johnnie.

"Terrible downcast is Johnnie Sing, but I stands him on his feet and tells him to cheer up. Durks was head of the expedition, yes, and paying the bills, yes; but me, Alec Corning, was skipper of the *Hattie*. 'Go down and tell your little wife that everything'll be all right,' says I—'that Alec Corning'll be on the job. Where is she?'"

"She is here," he says, and whistles, and out from the brush steps a cute little girl dressed like a man, and with a hard hat to make her look all the more like a man. Johnnie lifted the little hat, and under it she has a lot of yellow-ash hair coiled up where a reg'lar Chinaman'd have only a black pigtail.

"Don't let on to Durks either of you ever saw me in your life," I advises 'em, 'and when it's time to go aboard the vessel you go.'

"And they went aboard, with what Durks says was bales of hemp; and we put out that night in open water, and next day threading inside passages so far as we could. Another night and another morning found us in Puget Sound, and there on a little neck of land on the American shore we hoisted our load of hemp on to a little rough-made wooden pier. A narrow-gauge track ran up from the pier, and standing on the track was a hand flatcar.

"Now," says Durks, 'I will pay off these men, so they won't be hanging around and, possibly, talking too much before we get clear.' And he did—ten dollars to the hands and fifteen to the cook—and a silver dollar all around for car fare. And they went ashore, he telling them where they would find a little branch station about a mile up the road to take them to Seattle. And so we got through with them.

"HE HIMSELF goes ashore after they're out the way and stays an hour or so, and when he's back: 'How about paying off me and my mate now?' I asks.

"You take the schooner to a little place west of here and then I'll pay you both off," he answers.

"And how about landing those two passengers?" I asks.

"No, no, don't land them here," he says. 'Somebody might see them and pounce on us for landing them. Keep them aboard for a while—to the next anchorage.'

"And we put out, late in the morning then, and there being no wind 'twas in the middle of the afternoon before we came to anchor in a little harbor about five miles from where we landed the cargo. And we'd hardly been there when an American gunboat comes to anchor just off our hiding place, and Archie and me we looks at each other, but don't say anything.

"And Durks? He's terribly surprised at the sight of the gunboat—terribly. By and by he stops walking the deck and says to me: 'I have a plan, captain. I will go aboard that gunboat and find out what they want here. If they think there is anything wrong about us, I will invite them to come aboard and look us over. What do you say to that?'"

"I didn't say anything to it, but 'What will become of me and my wife—I paid you five hundred dollars for us,' pipes up Johnnie Sing.

"Why—and Durks smiles—'that is easy. You can hide—oh, where now? Why, of course, in the lazaretto. And your wife in a locker somewhere that Captain Corning will pick out for her. They will not look far, even if they shall suspect us—they will think we would have fifty or a hundred aboard or none at all. So they will not look into every corner. If you both hide away somewhere everything will be all right.'

"Johnnie is uneasy, but I nods my head to him on

the sly and he says all right and goes below with his wife. And making sure they are below, Durks turns to me and hands over five hundred to me, and to Archie two hundred dollars. And he shows us another five hundred and says: 'And this will be for you two to divide as you please when I get Johnnie Sing away from the ship and the girl is left behind. What do you say?'"

"And I looks over at the five hundred and says: 'It looks pretty good,' and Archie he looks at me and at the extra money and says: 'It looks pretty good,' and Durks laughs and says: 'It will feel pretty good, too. But better put that money out of sight, hadn't you, captain—and you too, Mr. Gillis?' and goes off in the big quarter boat, the only boat we had aboard, by the way.

"No sooner was he gone than up pops Johnnie Sing

he holds out another five hundred—good money—and says: 'Where are they?' And I looks wise and says: 'Suppose that Chink gave me a thousand to get 'em clear?' 'A thousand? Well, here—here's a thousand when you turn him over to me. Where are they?'"

"And I whispered, so the lockers themselves couldn't hear me: 'They swam ashore and are hid away. Tomorrow morning I give them the signal and they'll come back aboard.'

"Then," says Durks, 'you can get his thousand and my thousand. Will not that satisfy you?'"

"And I said I'd think it over, and we went on deck, where Durks told the officer there might be a way to get hold of the contraband Chinamen yet. And the officer eyes us both and finally says: 'You'd better both come with me to the ship and make it clear to the captain. He is now up the Sound, but will be aboard in the morning. And we went, leaving Archie to look after the vessel.

"We went aboard the gunboat, not exactly under guard, but just so's to be sure we'd be there when we were wanted. It was now getting on toward six o'clock, and the first thing meal call blew, and up steps an old shipmate, Ed Gurney, and invites me down to the chief petty officers' mess for supper.

"Ed and me we'd been snapper fishing together in the Gulf o' Mexico, on the Campeche Bank, in one of those little short bowsprit schooners out o' Pensacola, and now he was high-line marksman of the ship, wore extra marks on his sleeve and got extra money and all that kind o' stuff for his shooting. Well, Ed always could tell an oil tanker from a banana steamer as far as any man in the Gulf, and we talked of those days during supper, and after we'd had a good smoke we walked the deck together, talking of one thing and another, and before I got through I told him all about the scrape I was in.

"The grab-all snake!" says Ed. 'And what you goin' to do, Alec?'"

"My name is Bill," I answers; 'Bill Whitely if there's anybody likely to be in hearing. But I tell you, Ed,' I says, 'I don't like the notion o' little Johnnie Sing and his wife getting caught—or separated.'

"WE WERE looking over the side then, where to the boom was tied a string of small boats, our big quarter boat to the end.

"What do you know about this fellow Durks, Ed?" I said after a time.

"Nothing," he said, 'except that he's under suspicion of smuggling opium for a long time. They say he's money mad and woman mad, and always was.'

"So I've heard. And what's his game here with me?'"

"It's going around the ship that you ran away with his schooner and smuggled a Chink aboard unbeknownst, but that he's going to forgive you if you hand over the Chinaman and so put him right with the Government. He didn't say anything about any woman.'

"He's one fine gentleman," I says. And, by'n'by: 'Suppose you saw somebody was trying to slip the *Hattie*—the *Pioneer*—out by you in the dark, what would happen?'"

"Happen?" says Ed. 'A lot o' things. And quick. It'd be up with a lot of three-inch ammunition and some high-rating gun pointer, who's as likely to be me as anybody else; would probably have to use you for a little target practice.'

"And you c'n lay 'em pretty close aboard, can't you, Ed—strings o' bull's-eyes at six and eight and ten thousand yards—hah?'"

"I have landed 'em as close as that," says Ed.

"But an old shipmate, Ed?" I says.

"Now, Alec—"

"Bill—Bill Whitely," I says.

"Well, Bill Whitely then, though you'd better let me call you Alec. I think I'd shoot a bit wider thinking of Alec Corning than anybody named Bill Whitely. If you don't leave me any other way out of it, I'd maybe keep scraping the paint off you as long as I could.'

"Your idea bein' to do the right thing by the Government in the end, Ed?'"

"That's it," says Ed.

(Continued on page 26)



"Only fourteen pounds!—and fourteen ounces is enough to send the *Hattie* to the clouds and eternal glory if ever it comes aboard," and just then one came right under her forefoot and another under her counter. And I looks back to the gunboat"

out of the cabin companionway. 'Captain,' he says, 'must I hide away?'"

"Can you swim?'"

"A little bit."

"A little bit? Not enough. And your wife?'"

"From over his shoulder she shook her head.

"Then you can't swim ashore, can you? You got to stay aboard, that's plain. Well, you and your wife go with Mr. Gillis, who'll stow you in a place he knows under the forec'sle floor. Neither o' you bein' too tall or too fat, you c'n stow away in this place without smotherin' for an hour or two. We've used it before. Go by way of the cabin and through the hold below decks, so if anybody's got a glass on us from the gunboat they won't see you.'

"And they went, she crawling behind him like a little mouse. And Archie tucked 'em away and comes on deck, looking at his money as he comes—two one-hundred dollar bills. 'Tuck it out o' sight!' Archie was sayin'—'tuck it out o' sight, hah?' And the more he looks the more doubtful he becomes, and I looks at mine, and I get a magnifyin' glass from my dunnage to have a closer look, and sure enough it's the phony kind of money men like Durks used sometimes to pass off on unsuspecting Chinks on that coast. 'Johnnie Sing tips me off about it just now,' explains Archie to me.

"And while we're swearing at Durks for that, back he comes with a young officer and four armed sailors. The officer looks at me and says: 'You have contraband Chinamen aboard here?'"

"WELL, that got me. I looks at him, and then, thinking of the phony money, I looks at Durks. And I don't answer.

"We shall have to search the ship," says the officer.

"Sure," I says, 'search away.'

"And they went and dropped straight into the cabin and made for the lazaretto, Durks waiting and whistling to himself on deck. Pretty soon the officer comes up and reports nobody in the lazaretto. Durks goes up in the air. 'Where is he?' he says to me.

"He? Who?'"

"Johnnie Sing."

"What you talkin' about?" I asks, and at the same time Archie carelessly hauls out a hundred-dollar bill and lights a cigarette with it. And Durks suddenly changes, and with the officer's permission steps with me into the cabin. And the first thing he does is to count out seven hundred dollars good money and hand it to me. 'I took that other from the wrong pile,' he says, and smiles, but not as if he expects to be believed. And



Culture and the Commissary

By KATHARINE BAKER

ETCHINGS BY KATHARINE MERRILL

EVERYBODY sat in the observation cabin, with a book. You might by accident catch a glimpse of the scenery if you didn't provide yourself with some other occupation.

There were a few frivolous passengers who read the ten best sellers. But the majority were school-teachers dutifully seeing America first, and not frivolous at all. These held tomes of varying depth.

The portly chief steward, advancing with agile step through the tangle of wicker chairs, stopped beside one of the erudite ladies, a lady not too young.

Her book lay closed in her lap, and she was gazing out over the entrancing maze of islands that lies before Sitka Harbor.

"Smart fellow, that Heintz," asserted the chief steward genially, with downward pointing thumb.

The teacher started, and brought her vague gaze back to the cabin. She had just been planning a shipwreck, in which the Norwegian captain had seized her waist in a grip of steel, as she stood beside him on the bridge, last of the passengers to leave the doomed vessel. . . .

"There ain't a better mustard dressing made," continued the conversational steward. "Nor yet tomato catchup. I'm for Heintz."

The school-teacher fixed her wandering eyes on Heine's "Harzreise" in her lap.

The young woman from Boston, who sat in the next chair, making small effort to conceal her amusement and disdain, rose, dropped her book on the cushion, picked up her plain black bag by its silken cord, and went outside, where she leaned against the rail and admired little islands like candled Christmas cakes. Under the smiling surface of those islands the tide swept dangerously through hollowed caverns, as passions sweep the human soul under a bland exterior.

The Boston woman contemplated the islands. Her manner said clearly to the school-teacher: "Some of us are safe from being impertinently accosted. Our dignity secures us. But we are not comfortable in the neighborhood of less fortunate persons who invite the attentions of the lower classes." This long dissertation was conveyed in a shorthand every woman understands, written in a few facial lines and curves and the expression of a back.

ACUTELY conscious of that high-bred scorn, the school-teacher remarked acidly: "This book is by a German poet, and describes the Harz Mountains in Europe."

But the steward could not read ladies' shorthand. Simply grateful for the opportunity, he sank with some majesty of bearing into the Boston woman's vacant seat.

"I want to say, miss," he began, fixing a keen, Napoleonic eye upon her, "I hope you've found the service satisfactory on the trip. Making allowances, of course. This don't pretend to be the *Lusitania*. It's awful hard to keep up the right kind of discipline on these boats. Now that waiter that played for the dancing last night. I know that's no way things should be done. But nobody else could play. It was him or nothing. However, we don't let 'em ask the passengers to dance." He glanced at her hopefully for approval.

The school-teacher, whose mother had kept lodgers, while her father ran a little stationery store, the school-teacher, whose grandmother had smoked a pipe and cooked and washed for the "hired hands" on a New York farm, incidentally marrying one of them, the school-teacher tried to look patiently exclusive, like the expert Boston tourist.

"That waiter," explained the steward further, "hasn't got any tact. I often hope he don't annoy you at the table, ma'am. I make allowance for him" (the steward gave her a benevolent look), "because he's been playing in very hard luck. He's married, ma'am. Yes, at that early age. Though I'm still a bachelor." He paused, to let this fact obtrude itself.

"And jobs are uncertain. And his wife's enjoyed very poor health. She's had operations, and they do eat into money. Of course a waiter don't make any very grand pay at best. And this fellow's wife likes things nice. They'd got together quite a little good furniture

on installment. Well, to be sure, he couldn't strictly afford it, but if it's in a house she gets her pleasure, a man takes a kind of pride in pleasing his wife that way." The steward's heavy, competent face fairly beamed benevolence upon the passenger. "A man likes to do it," he affirmed.

"But here, about three weeks ago, he lost his job. And right after, their flat was burned. Everything. Every cent's worth. I tell you, miss, he's up against it, that fellow. The man was pretty near beside himself. I give him work, and when his wits go woolgathering, as they do, undoubtedly, or when he's a little forward, I just think how deep he's in, and I say to myself: 'Hanged if I'll push him under.' And on that account I stand more from him than the rest. Not that he's incompetent. His table is clean, and he puts in less requisitions for jam and condiments than anybody. I hope he don't inconvenience you, miss."

THE school-teacher was not used to courtly service. In fact, she had not noticed anything incorrect. But, of course, she couldn't say so. With downcast imitation-Boston lids she intimated languidly that she would overlook the waiter's lapses.

She wanted to ask frigidly: "Pray why do you tell me all this?" She was sure that was what the Boston woman would have said. But she hesitated. He might be offended then, this fat, illiterate chief steward, who was yet something of a man. And not too many men had tried to make themselves agreeable to the school-teacher.

So she pretended to herself that it was the captain there beside her, saying quite other things—things that the ten best sellers would heartily indorse.

"We will die together," murmured the captain in her ear. . . . The bridge was already awash . . . and he added encomiums on her beauty. The school-teacher was not altogether fatuous, and had long since become suspicious of her own looks. Now she searched, somewhat disheartened, for a feature to which the captain might apply unqualified approval. None presenting itself, she decided in favor of general enthusiasm. "You are the bravest and the loveliest woman," declared the fervent captain, heedless of impending death. . . .

Just then the captain himself passed through the cabin. His quick steps paused outside the door. He spoke. He was asking the Boston woman to go up on the bridge.

"The approach is considered fine," he asserted, and his abrupt voice made itself gracious. The Boston woman answered inaudibly. They moved away.

This was annoying. The school-teacher examined and condemned the Boston woman's superiority as a baseless fabric. Goodness knows, her clothes were plain enough. For if you, like the school-teacher, have never worn bench-made shoes, what shall signalize them to you? Undeniably the fifty-cent roses in the hat of the teacher from Troy were showier than the rose point lace on the Boston woman's turban.

But that enviable air of assurance differed from academic scorn, and was not to be won in schoolrooms.

THE teacher from Troy, who occupied the upper berth, pulled out her hair over her ears, straightened her Dutch collar and her string of pearl beads, and passed her arm about the waist of the lower-berth teacher from Yonkers, who had merely turned a forbidding glance on the mirror above the washstand. Together they sauntered out to dinner. The teacher from Yonkers turned back to seize her notebook. She never went anywhere without it, and took notes on all subjects. "I must write up Baranof Castle and the memorial museum before I forget," she explained. The book was nearly full of dreary statistics.

Now there was room for the Brooklyn teacher, who had been taking a nap, to slide out of the middle berth, like a letter cautiously emerging from its envelope. So she did, and washed her hands and face. She, too, looked into the mirror.

"These collars are very—masculine," she said to herself, and, unfastening the linen collar she wore, she

pinned a piece of lace around her thin neck. It felt indecently soft. She had worn those linen collars for many a year.

The chief steward bowed very low when she went by. He admired the change.

WITH quiet persistence the chief steward made known his inclination. At Skagway he appeared with a pass over the railroad to Lake Bennett.

Everybody was going, and the school-teacher had given it up unwillingly because she couldn't afford it. But she refused the pass, and stayed in Skagway.

At Taku Harbor they stopped to take on cases of canned salmon. All afternoon and evening the hatches down through the saloon were open. For hours the screaming winches lowered fish into the hold.

It rained. The mountains rose straight up from the beach. The fish smelled. The Indian village smelled. There are no such scents elsewhere on earth. There was no refuge anywhere.

The school-teacher sat beside the noisy hatch with a ladylike expression of acute suffering, as one who exposes a nerve to the dentist's malignant prodding. She tried to read Heine. But Heine, cheerless at best, went badly with uproarious, malodorous Taku Harbor on a rainy night.

The assiduous steward passed and repassed, his face full of solicitude. He offered a novel. The school-teacher felt desperate, and almost snatched at it. But there was the Boston woman, satirically observant, in the next chair.

"It's a fine story," the steward assured her. But she shook her head.

And then the perfidious Boston woman opened her false mouth, and said smilingly: "I wish you'd lend it to me," and all the rest of the evening she sat beside the unyielding vestal of culture, and read, while the school-teacher, holding Heine unregarded in her lap, came nearer doing some original thinking than she ever had before.

ON A WARM August morning the school-teacher awakened in Vancouver Bay. The waiter brought her excellent breakfast in the tepid saloon, and she ate, while other passengers read their fortnight's accumulated mail, and heard the news of civilization. Nobody who knew the teacher had written to meet the steamer at Vancouver. Seldom did anyone write to her, anyway.

In Vancouver Harbor the school-teacher faced anew the old, familiar fact, yet ever discomfiting, that she was not important to anyone on earth. People might be kind to her. They often were. Her soul clamorously demanded less kindness and more enthusiasm.

She lost interest in her plate of kippered salmon because nobody had written to meet her at Vancouver. She rose and left the saloon in lonely bitterness of spirit. Why, even her waiter was not at hand to help with her coat. He stood gaping at an open telegram in his hand, and she brushed indignantly past him.

The teacher from Troy, with a bundle of letters, was giggling as she read.

"He's too absurd," she declared to her forbidding companion from Yonkers. The companion looked wistful. Who could tell what defeated longings hid behind that harsh exterior?

The Brooklyn teacher took refuge on the boat deck. Then she missed her purse. It must have slipped from her pocket at table, when that clumsy waiter failed to help— She hurried down again.

THE purse was not there. She made a feverish search through her stateroom, then came out to enlist the purser's aid. In the passageway she collided with the Boston woman. The Boston woman also was moving with unwonted haste, and in her hand she carried a tasseled cord.

At the head of the saloon steps they encountered the chief steward. He saluted them. The Boston woman stopped.

"You are the man I want to see," she declared with

relief. "Please find me my bag. Some one has stolen it. He must have cut the cord just now in the crowd out there." She pointed to the deck, where ropes held back the passengers who were watching the unloading.

"I've lost my purse too," added the school-teacher.

"Where?" demanded the chief steward.

His alert bulk traversed the saloon with silent speed. He swept an inclusive glance over the floor, the seats, his force of subordinates; he inquired; he disappeared through a door in the forward bulkhead that led to strange burrows where those underlings had their lair.

IN A MOMENT he returned.

"That waiter, ladies, is not to be found. Likely he'd nothing to do with it. But I'll take no chances. I'll look into this. Maybe you ladies better come along to make sure, if there's any doubt. I've an idea, and no time to lose."

He crossed the deck and stooped under the ropes. The Boston woman, calmly determined, followed him. The school-teacher followed her. Down through the long dock sheds they pursued his vanishing figure, across the railway tracks, where the Toronto express already panted, into the dingy brick station, up the endless, circling flights of steps.

A young man stood at the ticket window. The chief steward laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. The young man quivered as under a blow. The chief steward swung him around to face frowning judgment, dragged him into the doorway of the deserted women's waiting room.

"Now, — you, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the terrible chief steward.

The waiter, still shaking like a harp string, pulled a telegram from his pocket, and with a stricken face thrust it into his captor's hand.

The steward read, compressing his mouth.

"Where are those purses?" he demanded. The waiter flung down a light overcoat that hung upon his arm. The steward explored—drew from a pocket the shabby purse of the school-teacher and the shorn bag of the Boston woman. "Where are the rest?" he asked sternly. "No more, so help me God!" swore the waiter.

WITH a deft hand the chief steward searched him.

There were no more purses. He walked over to the women, holding out their recovered property. The Boston woman took her bag, quickly surveyed its contents.

"Everything is there," she said. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Ah, that's for you ladies to say," replied the chief steward.

"He ought to go to the penitentiary," said the school-teacher resentfully. Her ticket, her money, her grandmother's cameo pin, every luxury she owned was in that purse. Her heart was sick with the horror of losing it—and this worthless waiter—

"Is he a plain thief?" asked the Boston woman.

Silently the chief steward held out the telegram to her. Silently she read, and handed it to the school-teacher.

"Right after he got that telegram," said the steward, "he found the purse on the floor. He'd no money comin' to him. I'd advanced his pay for the trip. Such news made the fellow dippy. We was lying here in Vancouver all day, and to-morrow to Victoria—and that train down there is headed for Mission Junction and Frisco, where his wife is. He took the purse and started for

the pier, and there in the crowd he run up against you, ma'am, with your bag. He's a fool, ma'am. But the woman's decent. And perhaps she's dying."

The chief steward still addressed the Boston woman. Shame invaded the school-teacher's heart that she should be thus excluded from his appeal for clemency. Why should he judge her inexorable?

The Boston woman took a coin purse from her bag, and laid two huge gold pieces in the steward's hand.

"For goodness' sake send him on to her," she urged.

"Madam," approved the chief steward, "if you'll excuse me, you are the genuine article." He turned to the school-teacher. "Well, miss, what's your verdict?"

She flushed.

"I can't give him anything," she said, and averted a troubled face.

The waiter had sunk into a seat in the corner. With fishy eyes he gazed vacantly before him. His face was oyster-colored, and beaded with water. A marine still-life was the waiter at that moment.

Once more the steward approached him and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Get a move on you," he said. "This lady says you're not to miss your train, since your wife needs you so bad. She's putting up for your trip. And hang it, man, try to stay square! Sneak thievin' ain't been your line up to now."

The humble understeward looked at his chief, looked at the Boston woman. A convulsion crossed his weak and futile countenance. His eyes fell.

"I'll stay square," he agreed.

Sunset was bewitching the Strait of Georgia when the warning whistle blew. The school-teacher looked an indifferent farewell at the hot streets, looked with longing at the twisting roadstead that invited her to follow the sun, and drop over the horizon's edge to China.

But she could only follow it to flowery Victoria. Then she must turn again to her own country, which meant presently a schoolroom in Brooklyn and an endless procession of seventh-grade minds. It wouldn't be so bad if you could go along up with those unfolding minds, but that seventh-grade section of innumerable lives was beginning to lose its savor.

HERE on the boat deck you could see the alluring sunset. It shone on the captain's gold braid as he protectingly escorted the Boston woman.

"If you will come up to the chart room," he was saying. "The view is excellent from there, when we drop down the harbor." And they mounted the chart-room ladder together.

The second whistle blew. The deck hands cast off with a great deal of shouting. The toy ship ran hopelessly down tortuous channels toward the sun that fled elusively before it.

"The voyage will soon be over, miss," said a barytone voice. The chief steward rested a pudgy hand beside hers on the rail. "Though 'twas not soon enough for that poor devil of a waiter. You ladies were most kind."

The school-teacher bit her lip.



The Boston woman contemplated her angry countenance for a moment

"I wanted him to go to prison," she said perversely. "It was that Boston woman let him off."

The chief steward considered her with indulgent eyes. "If you'll excuse me, miss," he absolved her, "she's never been up against it. It didn't mean much to her, that money."

The school-teacher was grateful for this human comprehension. Not that his opinion mattered, of course.

"Now you, miss," his tone changed. "Some day every man's bound to meet a woman that he just can't see work, without wanting to put a stop to it. Wanting to have her somewhere that he can look after her and provide." He cleared his throat. "Of course, miss, this ain't a conspicuous job of mine. I realize that. But I've saved money. I know a man in Frisco that would give me a big discount on furniture. I've got some nice bearskins and things. They've offered me a place on the fastest liner that runs to Japan. I could do some better than you might think—by my wife."

He hung questioningly on the words. The school-teacher, a glow of vivid amazement, stared speechlessly out over the glittering reaches of the bay.

The captain's half-appealing farewell to the Boston woman broke in upon their pause. Slowly the Boston woman descended the chart-room ladder, swinging her black bag from its reconstructed cord.

"I could get passage for you to go along out there with me, my first trip," murmured the steward temptingly.

The Boston woman stopped by the rail. The steward glanced at her. She had no air of passing on. He glanced at his unresponsive companion.

"Please consider it kindly, miss," he adjured her, saluted and went below.

THE Boston woman turned. Her interested gaze followed his ponderous person. With a guilty shock the school-teacher realized that she had been enjoying herself. Yes, in the society of the grammarless steward. This would never do. Under the Boston woman's teasing eye she tried to seem absorbed in the wrack that floated by, like giant onions from some volcanic kitchen on the ocean floor. The Boston woman swung her bag.

"The ever-womanly draws us onward and upward," she remarked impishly.

The school-teacher tossed her head. She would show this proud creature that culture makes Boston and Brooklyn kin. "The employees on these boats hardly know their place," she said loftily. "But the steward is a well-meaning soul. Isn't his grammar amusing?"

The Boston woman's eyes narrowed to a frown.

"You can overlook the spelling on a certified check," she said sharply. "You and too many women like you have the assurance to look down on men who don't speak correctly. Any fool can talk, but a man who knows how to act is rare, and he is more use in a minute than this shipload of dull proper women could be in a thousand years. What use are you, anyway?"

Accustomed to subordination, the school-teacher promptly struck her colors before this high tone of command.

"I teach," said she timidly.

(Concluded on page 30)

At Taku Harbor they stopped to take on cases of canned salmon. For hours the screaming winches lowered fish into the hold



House Bill No. 626

A First Step Toward the Endowment of Motherhood

By ALICE MAXWELL APPO



The baby who promises to pay interest and principal on the taxpayers' loan

IN KANSAS CITY, through the middle of a narrow street runs an invisible line. On one side lies Kansas, on the other Missouri. On the Kansas side a few years ago, in a squatter settlement beside the Kaw River, was discovered the woman who afterward became celebrated as the "mother of the willows." She was considered a discovery because her condition was so abject that the inexperienced "slummist" could not but believe it unique. She lived in a house made of tar paper and boards, with numerous holes through which poured rain and sifted snow, and the single room formed by the wretched walls and still more wretched roof was living room, bedroom, and kitchen for four children and herself. All about grew scrubby willows. So disheartening, indeed, was the entire aspect that the sensitive father and the oldest son, a strong young man of twenty-three, had found it unbearable and, without taking the trouble to announce their intentions, had quietly stolen away for parts unknown.

A fear then obsessed the mother that her children would be taken from her. She worked feverishly, secretly, weaving crude baskets out of the willows the children gathered, and, surprising to relate, the family existed somehow, through the peddling of these, from the time of the men's desertion until the discovery. It was a newspaper reporter who found them. They were shoeless, almost naked, almost starved,

Mrs. Briggs, her home, and two of her five children



on the point of degenerating into something below human, a kind of animal family scratching for food, the mind about as useful as the appendix.

How that mother pleaded in the juvenile court to be allowed to keep her children!—but Judge Sims was helpless before the law, which declared that for their good the children must be given up. They would be cared for in institutions, or in private homes by adoption, but their own mother had no more right to them than to a motor car she could not pay for. However, to be discovered by one having the qualifications of a willing press agent is a stroke of luck in itself. The hue and cry was great and private charity stepped in to do what the State of Kansas could not.

The outcome is really of less moment than the situa-

tion regarded in the abstract, as a mere instance of what is taking place all around us, what is being enacted in juvenile courts all over the country with but few exceptions; and it is with one of these exceptions, the foremost, that this article is concerned.

On the other side of the invisible line bisecting the narrow street, in Kansas City, Missouri, lived Mrs. Miller. When her husband, like many before him, mistook carbolic acid for something else, she was left with seven children, the oldest fourteen years and the youngest three months. Except for "forty chickens and a cow," the family was destitute. Frail in body, with reason threatened by the shock that sudden death inflicts in any circumstances, the mother was ill equipped to undertake the support of eight. Her little history for the first few months of her widowhood may be readily pieced out in imagination. The baby probably suffered most, as the mother's forced absence, from morning till noon and from noon till night, to earn the

little she could, deprived him of proper nourishment.

At last came a day when Judge Porterfield of the juvenile court, looking up over the top of his glasses, beheld the Millers. The press agent that had served the mother's cause so valiantly in Judge Sims's court across the line was not present on this occasion, but happily he was not needed.

Some formalities were gone through, papers inspected, a few questions asked, the children patted on the head by Judge Porterfield's not reluctant hand, and in the end the mother granted an allowance from the State to be paid her every month for the maintenance of her home and the safe keeping of her children.

THE STORY OF THE LAW

FOR explanation of this happier ending we must look to Jefferson City April 7, 1911. In the capital city of Missouri on that day Governor Herbert S. Hadley signed House Bill No. 626. This was an act "to provide for the partial support of poor women whose husbands are dead or convicts when such women are mothers of children under the age of fourteen years." The first law of its kind to be enacted under our Government, it passed the Legislature with the traditional modesty of great things—while traffic measures and hatpin ordinances thrilled and threatened, the mothers' allowance act slipped quietly into the statute books.

New as the practice is, the idea itself is not unfamiliar. In 1906 John Spargo wrote: "Wherever possible, then, I believe that the effort of society should be to keep the mother in the home with her children, and where pensions are necessary, in order that the result may be attained, they should be given, not as a charity, but as a right." And before and since, advocates of mothers' pensions have declared themselves on platform and in print. The idea is not new, but it remained for Judge Edward Everett Porterfield of Kansas City, Missouri, to set in motion the forces that were to bring about its application.

A Virginian by birth and a Missourian by happy chance, he was elected judge of the Circuit and Criminal Court of Jackson County, and later selected for the additional duty of presiding over the weekly sessions of the juvenile court. It was not long before circumstances convinced him of the advisability of pensioning some mothers. The children that appear before him, or in any juvenile court, in fact, may be divided into two classes, neglected and delinquent—the one suffering physical or moral neglect through the poverty of parents, their depravity, or any cause, and the other guilty of some infraction of the law from truancy to thieving. Delinquency, if not checked, naturally leads to the penitentiary; and as continued neglect causes delinquency, the first care of the court is to discover the neglected child and set about improving his condition.

To bolster up the home, if possible, is the first consideration; and, that failing, nothing remains but to take the child out of it. Depraved parents cannot be reformed in a day if at all, but poverty by comparison is easily remedied. However, Judge Porterfield could make little distinction between causes and was forced to settle many cases in the same way—by committing the children to institutions.

A WASTE OF MOTHERHOOD

WE ARE all agreed, this is better than letting them starve, though the institution blight them for the rest of their lives; for children were meant to be brought up in homes by mothers and not *en masse* in barracks, and nature cannot safely be tampered with. Mere food, shelter, and clothing have proved insufficient to supply the needs of childhood. The placing-out system and the cottage plan are modern endeavors to provide the home atmosphere now recognized as essential; but they are substitutes at best. The real home and the real mother are immeasurably better. In "The Peril and the Preservation of the Home," Jacob Riis exclaims: "I ask, above all, the mother who makes the home; I want the mother; without her, home is but an empty name." So much for institutions.

To return to Judge Porterfield. In his court, really worthy women were denied the privilege of bringing up their own children for the sole reason that poverty had forced them out of the home to provide for its maintenance. Mrs. Ward, for instance, wrapped candy at a factory from seven in the morning till six at night. She arose at four-thirty, prepared breakfast for her children, and laid out their cold lunch. At six-thirty she bade them good-by, and they did not see her again till six-thirty at night. Her wages were \$5.50 a week, and she walked to and from the factory to save car fare. When she reached home, she prepared the supper, and after clearing it away, spent the remainder of the evening doing housework, washing, ironing, and mending. Such was her day; but in spite of all her efforts, the court held that her children were neglected. Children running wild for twelve hours every day are not growing in grace.

This was the situation in many cases, and Judge Porterfield found it disturbing. Motherhood was being wasted. The juvenile court was permitting an extravagance in motherhood. It was being used to wrap candy, so to speak, while little children were perishing for it. The remedy was obvious, but not simple. Making the people see why they should pass new laws for spending money, or laws for spending money in new ways, is ever difficult, but Judge Porterfield made them see why poor mothers with young children should be assisted by the State. He drafted a bill—a sane, safe bill, not broad enough to be seriously opposed or so restricted as to be useless—and Representative William Hicks stood sponsor for it in the House. With flying colors, House Bill No. 626 passed the Legislature, received the Governor's approving signature, and became a law. The Millers were among the first to profit.

THE "BREAD WOMAN"

CONVICTS' wives as well as widows are beneficiaries. The wives and children of convicts suffer a grave injustice when, in the name of justice, the wage earner is imprisoned and they are left to get along without his earnings the best way they can. No wonder wife beaters flourish, for what mother will seek to redress her wrongs at the expense of her children, to punish the father and let the children starve. But under this new allowance or pension system the husband and father can be made to behave himself; at least the wife need not hesitate to appear against him for fear of being impoverished by his imprisonment.

The story of "the Bread Woman" is a case in point. It is a story of abandonment, six children, and debt. When the husband ran away, his youngest child was not yet born, and he left behind him that nightmare of the poor, unpaid rent, to the amount of \$42. Putting her one talent to work, the deserted wife baked bread from morning until night to be peddled from door to door by



Judge Edward E. Porterfield, who suggested the pensions

her children. But it was not enough. Luckily, a abandoned in Missouri is punishable by law, and the husband was finally apprehended and sentenced to the penitentiary, leaving his wife eligible for an allowance. She was granted \$10 a month, the amount of the rent she pays for a four-room house, the rest of the family's living to be provided by the income from the bread. Without this timely aid, how long could the struggle have lasted, and what, then, but the institution and its indelible imprint?

These pension records make interesting reading. Snatched from the burning, like the Wards, were the five Briggs children when their widowed mother, a young woman of thirty, was granted an allowance of \$20 a month. The father's death occurred before there existed such a thing as widows' pensions; and every day the mother worked away from home, leaving the children to grow up as irresponsible as a lot of kittens. This is the condition Judge Porterfield deplures. It is a sort of culture box for penitentiary germs. For a year the germs had every opportunity, and then the blessed pension act began to fumigate. Through its aid, Mrs. Briggs was enabled to give up her outside work and devote her entire time to home and children.

Near Grain Valley, Missouri, lived another widow with five children who also worked out by the day. She had a little place, pigs and chickens and a garden, and while she was away it was tended by her son, Ernest. Now Ernest was a clever little farmer, but sadly lacking in education because he could not mind the farm and attend school at the same time. Neither could his mother give up her wages by the day to take Ernest's place. It was a sort of deadlock for him and continued so until he was thirteen. Then some one, hearing about this new law, was quick enough to apply it to his case, and the happy result is that Ernest is now going to school. May not Missouri feel proud of giving Ernest his chance? But, after all, it is only his right, and the right of many other little Ernests the world over.

A BABY'S SMILE FOR INTEREST

ANOTHER instance. Four days after this bill became a law a young man was shot to death in the street. For a day his identity was a mystery, but in the meantime a young wife waited for him at home. The fact that she was expecting to be a mother within three months was no guarantee that circumstances would deal gently with her, and at a time of all times when a husband's wages are an important item, she was to be deprived of them with tragic suddenness. People seldom stop to consider how such matters are managed. They realize that their occurrence is not infrequent, but have a general idea that the world is full of charitable persons and organizations that delight in just such opportunities. This may be true enough, but such methods of relief at best are indirect and haphazard, and situations of this kind demand something better. Just as there are public libraries and public schools, there should be a public fund for a more vital need. Such a fund the mothers' allowance proved to be in this instance. Anyone cold to Ernest must warm at last to the dear baby in the picture, holding out all the generous, rosy promises of babyhood to pay interest and principal on the taxpayers' loan.

As the Kansas City experiment affords the first opportunity for testing the theory, we may look to it to meet



Children of Mrs. Edgar. The four older boys cost the county \$60 a month at institutions

The "Bread Woman" who tried to support six children by baking bread which they peddled from house to house



necessary to prevent their neglect, and when for want of it the mother would be required to work regularly away from home; it shall not be made if the applicant has been a resident of the county for less than two years. The last clause is designed to prevent a migration of poor families into a county for the express purpose of obtaining the allowance.

CAREFUL BUT NOT BURDENSOME SUPERVISION

THE questions of the application blank, which must be answered in writing and under oath, cover the ground thoroughly and leave no opportunity for loose statements.

Innumerable questions relate to family history and connections and some very pertinent ones to property, insurance, debts, and income. The salary of any child employed as well as the earnings of the mother are to be included in the income statement. The mother must promise to give up outside employment. She is asked to state the smallest sum that will enable her to stay at home and care for her children, and the form of work she can procure to do at home and the probable returns from it. In the way of reference, the names of employer and landlord are required, and in addition those of five persons who have known her for at least two years.

All the statements are verified as far as possible. The employer and landlord are interviewed and the other five persons, who may live at a distance, sent blanks containing questions that relate to the character and reputation of the applicant. If charitable organizations have given aid previously, their records are carefully gone over. Then the home is visited, the children inspected, and general conditions taken into account, such as cleanliness, sanitation, and character of neighborhood. When the neighborhood is questionable, a change is recommended. If a mother be really entitled to an allowance, she loses nothing by the thoroughness of this form of inquiry, and the State protects itself against fraud.

The allowance having been granted, the family is visited once a month by a probation officer, who reports, among other things, any improvements that have occurred in its financial condition. If the increase is sufficient to bring the family income up to the figure stated as necessary for maintenance, the allowance is discontinued. One of the mothers, who obtained a good position as janitress in a school, came of her own accord to report her good fortune, happy to give up her allowance and become once more a self-supporting member of society.

If the probation officer find that the children are not going to school, if they appear neglected in any way, or if there is an indication of leaning too much on the allowance, he has something to say in the way of warning. When a woman has stated that she can earn three dollars a week, washing or sewing, she must have a good excuse for not doing so. But in spite of all this

supervision, there is really no policing, only kindness, help, advice. A probation officer knows human nature; in most cases he knows the particular human nature he is dealing with, and uses judgment rather than a formula.

It may be safely asserted that pensioning mothers is going to cost less than paying for children in institutions. Said Judge Porterfield, in advance of drafting his bill, citing for the sake of argument, an abstract case of a mother and two sons: "The only means of support for the mother and the two boys is the labor of the mother. She, from necessity, neglects them. They gradually but almost surely grow into delinquent children. They soon find their way into the juvenile court. Sooner or later the court must send them to the reform school; thereupon the county pays to the reform school the sum of \$10 per month per boy. Why not, if that mother is a good mother, give her the \$20 and the opportunity to raise her own children, and in most cases we would have two mother-raised, self-sustaining, self-respecting citizens instead of two reform school graduates of doubtful value as citizens. Besides the cost of keeping a boy in the reform school that I have referred to, the administration expenses run the cost to \$15.16½ per boy per month."

And here is a concrete instance to prove the correctness of his estimate. Before Mrs. Edgar's husband died, four of the seven children had already been placed in asylums. The father was in the last stages of tuberculosis and unable to support them. The mother, though an industrious washerwoman and an optimist besides, could not quite make up the deficit, and so the boys went. At the institutions they cost the county \$60 a month. When the mothers' allowance bill became effective, Mrs. Edgar, now a widow, went to the juvenile court and asked to have her children back. They were given to her and an allowance of \$22 a month. This was one of the largest, if not the largest, of the allowances granted; but comparing the figure with the institutional cost, we discover a saving per month of \$38. At this rate, and the Edgar case is in no way exceptional, pensions promise to pay financially as otherwise.

Six months after the first mothers' pension was granted in Kansas City, the funds for the Parents' Act became operative in Cook County, Illinois. This act, although it does not apply to convicts' wives, is broader in scope than the Missouri bill, because it includes, besides widows, the wives of insane and

Mrs. Miller's home with the "forty chickens and the cow," her only worldly wealth



women whose husbands are neither dead nor insane, but constitutionally unfit to provide for their families. A committee of five passes on all applications and assigns probation officers to investigate. Only children under fourteen years are eligible for consideration, and not more than \$10 a month for each child may be secured.

With a little imagination one can foresee numerous splendid benefits to result from these small beginnings. When ground is gained—and already Massachusetts and Colorado are framing similar bills—we shall have less child labor, less occasion for it; we shall realize better that to build the home is to build the nation, and that the help we give our children is misnamed when in our pride or ignorance we leave out of account the children's mothers.



Before the land is drained—a typical cypress swamp and negro home in the overflow country of Louisiana. At the bottom of the page is shown similar country after drainage

The Sunken Empire

It Is Larger than the Philippines, and Lying Idle Within the United States

IN COLLIER'S for July 27, under the title "The Men Behind the Levees," we described the appalling damage inflicted by the Mississippi floods, the unjust situation of the people along the lower Mississippi, who must fight the water sent down the great river's funnel from every State between New York and Idaho, and some of the methods suggested to prevent floods in the future. The necessity of treating the Mississippi and its tributaries as a unit, and devising a comprehensive plan of river regulation free from local politics and the uncertain generosity of the "pork barrel" was pointed out. To keep to the specific subject of flood prevention, discussion of several extremely important collateral problems was eliminated. The purpose of this article is to give a general idea of the tremendous possibilities of swamp drainage.

THERE are in this country something like 75,000,000 acres of fertile land which could be drained and turned into farms. This is an area larger than the Philippine Islands, nearly the size of Great Britain and Ireland, three times as large as Holland, Belgium, and Denmark put together.

It is rich land—the accumulated humus, decayed vegetation, and the alluvial silt of centuries. If—to borrow the interesting suggestion of Chief Hydrographer Leighton of the United States Geological Survey—this land was suddenly acquired as an outlying possession, what a race there would be to exploit it! It ought to support at least another seven millions of people and produce an annual return of perhaps three billion dollars.

Or if "there lay off our coast such a wondrously fertile country, inhabited by a pestilent and marauding race of people, who every year invaded our shores and killed and carried away thousands of our citizens, and each time shook their fists beneath our noses and cheerfully promised to come again, how the country would go to arms, the treasury be thrown open, and how quickly that people would be subjugated!" Yet such a land we have, of course, with its richness and its menace to health, untouched, almost as it was when the white man first landed here, at our very doors.

NEEDED—A NEW SORT OF PIONEER

THERE is no great mystery about this, to be sure. There has been plenty of land. So long as there were homesteads to spare in the comfortable prairie country or in the crystalline air of the Western highlands, few men were going to live with mosquitoes and risk malaria on the chance of some day making a fortune out of a swamp.

But the days of easy land—as the pioneers understood it—are gone. In 1910 nearly 200,000 Americans emigrated to Canada. These men were not mere fly-by-nights; they were capable, ambitious farmers.

After the swamp land is drained and turned into farms—



An argument for national intervention in drainage—the State line between Missouri and Arkansas passes through this swamp—the St. Francis Basin. It is impossible to drain the area without cooperation between the States

Mr. W. J. White, the Canadian inspector of such immigration, says that "hundreds came with a bank account running well into the thousands," and that he knew "many cases where the individual took with him as much as \$40,000 or \$50,000." The Reclamation Service has gone into remote Western deserts, built expensive reservoirs and irrigation canals, and yet found plenty of settlers willing to pay for them. The average cost of the Government regulation work has been about \$35 an acre—on one project settlers were willing to pay \$93. The average cost of swamp drainage, on the other hand, is estimated at from \$6 to \$9 an acre; the expense of maintenance is generally less, and the soil likely to be more fertile and enduring.

People will pay for these desert ventures, they will leave their own country and go to Canada, yet neglect this fertile lowland empire lying at their very doors. One reason is the obvious one already given—that the average American is not amphibious. He hasn't

By
ARTHUR RUHL

been brought up as the Hollanders have, and, unfamiliar with dikes and ditches, naturally gravitates to high, dry land. He must be taught, too, that with the land drained and mosquitoes killed, these "swamps" can be made as healthful as naturally dry country.

THE MAN UPSTREAM AND HIS NEIGHBORS LOWER DOWN

BUT the difficulty is not mere prejudice—now that land is really beginning to be needed—it is the difficulty of carrying out drainage projects properly under our present laws. For one thing, even if the Reclamation Act provided for drainage as it does for irrigation, the Government could not step in and do what seems best, as it did with the public lands of the desert country, because most of the overflowed lands are in private hands. For another thing, taking water off land is quite another thing from putting it on, and involves problems more complex and far-reaching.

You can carry water to a certain place in the desert, pour it out, and, roughly speaking, let it sink in the ground and there's an end of it. If, in a country already low, you dike and drain one section, the water that you draw off—unless comprehensive plans are made to take care of it—will only overflow somebody else lower down. Nature has had charge of that country for a good many years. Her channels are built for a certain amount of water, and anyone who tries to ignore her rules promptly gets into trouble.

To carry out a drainage project in a comprehensive way, however, to let natural units instead of chance organizations of capital determine the area to be drained, is often practically impossible. A great many people of many minds must be got together and compelled to pay for work which often does not seem to benefit them personally. The expense is large, and if both these difficulties are disposed of the project is likely to run up against the artificial wall of a State line.

THE DIFFICULTY OF STATE LINES

HERE, for instance, is the St. Francis Basin in southeastern Missouri and northeastern Arkansas. Obviously this is a natural unit. You would no more drain the upper part without arranging for disposing of the water than you would build a sewer in the hilly section of a city without a proper outlet lower down. The line between the two States runs through a cypress swamp in the center of this basin. Energetic Missouri people have drained large areas on their side of the line, and as such drainage makes the run-off fast instead of slow, the Arkansas people have had to suffer. Why don't the

two States get together? Possibly this could be done, but thus far, at any rate, it hasn't been done, and such combinations between States seem hard to bring about. And the whole business of reclaiming this 75,000,000 acres (Concluded on page 24)



these rich cabbage and onion fields are on former swamp land

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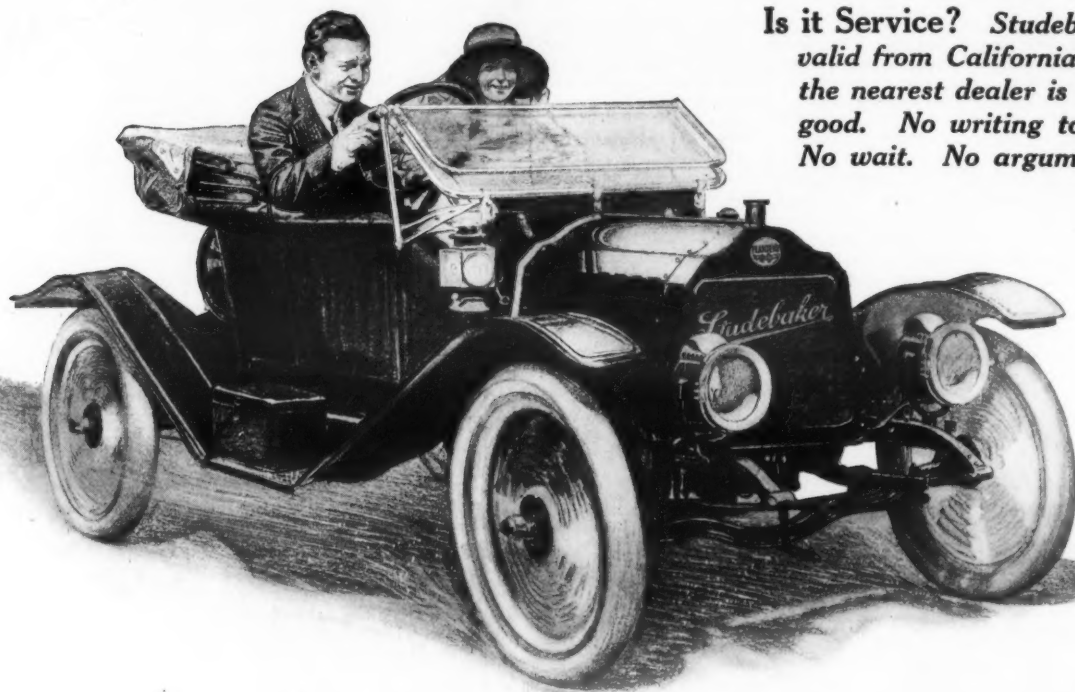
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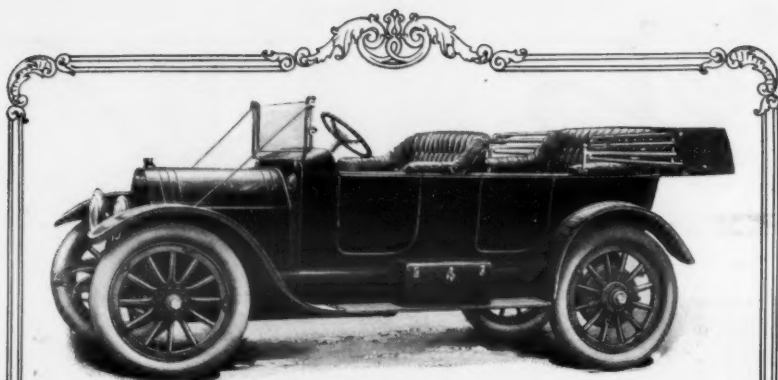
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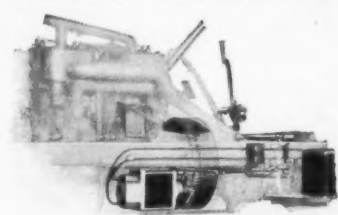
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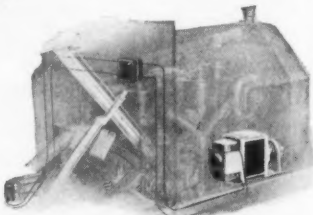
A Starting Device That Is Not An Experiment

When so many manufacturers were loudly announcing "self-starters" last year, some people wondered that we said nothing about self-starters. But Haynes owners and Haynes dealers and everyone else who knew Haynes history did not wonder. They knew that when a real starting device was perfected, one that would start a car every time and never allow any possibility of injury to the motor—the Haynes would have it. We were working toward such a device then, an electric cranking device. It was perfected six months ago. But still we waited. We wanted to be very sure. That's Haynes policy. In these six months, the first Model 22 test cars, equipped with this device, have been put through thousands of tests in the shops and on the road, and the starter has never failed.

Hundreds of these tests have been made under unfavorable conditions which could not arise in an owner's experience, and we couldn't make the starter fail. It cannot fail. And the equipment is so free from complications, so very simple, that if any trouble ever should appear, the car would not have to be sent back to the factory. Any electrician in America could make wiring repairs on either the motor (starting device) or the dynamo (lighting device). Consider that point carefully. The average time of 10,000 Model 22 starts has been 5 seconds.



This photograph shows starting motor simple gear-shifting device and wiring plan. Note that only two wires run from battery to starting motor, through the drum switch which is operated when the starting gears are engaged. Gear-shifting lever is used for engaging starting gears, making it impossible to engage the starting gears when transmission gears are in mesh. When engine starts the lever is released, automatically returning to neutral position, ready for shifting transmission gears. Quadrant is equipped with device for locking gear-shifting and starting lever in neutral.



This photograph shows the 12-volt generator connected to the Willard Elba battery through cut-out on the dash. This cut-out is automatic in action and eliminates discharging the battery through the generator armature when the engine is not running. Note that the generator wires terminate at the battery terminal on the drum switch. The battery is 12-volt, 100 ampere hours and supplies current both for starting and lighting. Only three wires run from battery to lamps, thereby balancing the battery and giving standard 6-volt lights.

Need We Speak of Haynes General Construction?

Everyone who knows automobiles at all knows that the Haynes name is a guarantee of the best materials, correct design, excellent workmanship. Other than for its electric starting and lighting equipment, Model 22 does not differ greatly from construction of recent Haynes models. The car is roomier. Upholstery twelve inches deep and of fine hair. Motor $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 40 h. p.; wheel base 120 inches; tires $36 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Equipment complete, including Eisemann dual magneto, Stromberg carburetor, Warner autometer, demountable rims, top, windshield, electric signal horn, electric cowl lamp, standard bumper, etc. You will find the new Model 22 at your Haynes dealer's now. Go see it, or write us for catalog and full details of starting system.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

15 UNION STREET,

1715 Broadway, New York
1702 Michigan Ave., Chicago

KOKOMO, INDIANA

510-512 N. Capitol Blvd., Indianapolis
Van Ness Ave. at Turk St., San Francisco

The Sunken Empire

(Concluded from page 22)

is full of just such complications. The great Dismal Swamp lies partly in Virginia and partly in North Carolina. The Okefinokee swamps in Georgia, again, would have to be drained through Florida. South Carolina cannot reclaim the lowlands on her side of the Savannah River without damaging Georgia on the opposite bank. The Tombigbee Valley in Mississippi lies above the same valley in Alabama. And so on.

Sometimes, when State lines do not conflict, a comprehensive plan is made impossible through local squabbling and the impossibility of getting everybody to come in and pay his part of the total cost. There was trouble of this sort recently in the Tallahatchie district in Mississippi. The law constituting the district was repealed and a plan of which experts thoroughly approved given up.

It is undoubtedly true that there is likely to be less of the "get-together" spirit in the swamp neighborhoods than in the newer irrigated country of the West. For the most part, the swamp country is in the hands of large landowners—men with whom large estates are a tradition. In the overflowed region of Louisiana, for instance, there are eight proprietors owning 3,305,138 acres; in Mississippi, thirty with 403,600 acres. Such owners generally lead rather independent, individualistic lives. They dislike to break up their large holdings whether the land would be improved or not. They don't care to touch elbows with their neighbors. The notion of forty-acre farms, intensively cultivated, so common in the irrigated country, does not appeal to them. Yet what changes might be brought about in such neighborhoods, in health and general civilization and prosperity, were they diked, drained, and as carefully improved, for instance, as the lowlands of Holland! According to the late Professor Shaler of Harvard, one-fifth of the present farming area of the United Kingdom is reclaimed marsh land and one-twentieth of all the agricultural land of Europe was once too wet for cultivation.

WHERE THE SWAMP LAND LIES

A GREAT deal has, of course, been done in our country in the separate States. All of them, except the Rocky Mountain States, have large swamp areas. Florida has the largest—18,560,000 acres; Louisiana, 9,600,000; Mississippi, 6,173,000; Arkansas, 5,760,000. Minnesota and Michigan each has nearly four and a half million acres; Wisconsin, Illinois, and North Carolina over two million acres each, and California nearly two million. And all are reclaiming parts of this area with more or less success.

It seems plain, however, in view of the size of the problem, the local difficulties and the complication of State lines, that the task cannot be left to individuals, nor

to the separate States. Seventy-five million acres is a country in itself, and it should be handled as a national problem.

There have been many suggestions, various bills offered—of which a particularly plausible one is that introduced a few weeks ago in the Senate by John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. This bill would give the Government the right to build drainage projects, reimbursing itself by a charge on the land.

When the land drained was public land it would be thrown open for settlement, and the homesteader would pay for it in a manner similar to that in which homesteaders pay for Government irrigation work under the Reclamation Act. When the public land selected formed a natural drainage unit with State or private land, the Secretary of the Interior would have the right—on a petition of the State or States or drainage districts affected—to include the whole in a comprehensive scheme. The Government would build the main canals, assessing all the land in proportion to the benefits derived, although before any money was spent, the localities to be benefited would have to issue bonds to the amount of a total estimated assessment and turn over to the Government the proceeds from their sale.

The same machinery of petition could be used to request national aid for draining land wholly in State or private ownership, and difficulties are further cleared away by a demure but ingenious paragraph, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to "accept from any State a cession of lands which can be included in any project and used and disposed in the manner provided for public lands."

SENATOR WILLIAMS'S SCHEME

THE Government would not necessarily undertake the whole of a project, nor complete an entire unit at one time. What it would do would be to lay out a comprehensive and intelligent program, harmonize the conflicting jurisdictions, and whatever work was done would be done with proper regard for the whole area of the natural unit selected.

This bill does not conflict with Senator Newland's bill, mentioned in the preceding article. Senator Newland would have fifty million dollars a year appropriated for ten years and a commission made up of the heads of the Reclamation and Forest Services, the Geological Survey, Army Engineers, and others to map out and put through a comprehensive scheme of river regulation, which would include everything from levees and storage reservoirs to channel deepening and swamp drainage. Senator Williams's bill merely disposes of a part of this bewildering program. Whether it offers a final solution of its part of the problem remains to be seen. It at least opens the way for a great job of national housekeeping and housecleaning which ought not much longer to be delayed.

The Corn Dance at Santo Domingo

(Concluded from page 15)

For an hour or more before that, however, two groups of hideous human pests have taken practical possession of the village streets. These are the clowns, the comedians, the fun makers of the show. Each group, representing one of the village clans or fraternities, is made up of fifteen or twenty men. They appear all but naked, and their bodies and faces are painted in most grotesque designs and with the most clashing colors upon a groundwork of gray. Corn husks, symbolic of the reason for the dance, are tied in their hair.

After the enthusiasm of these clowns has abated somewhat, the visitors begin to select their coigns of vantage from which to watch the dance.

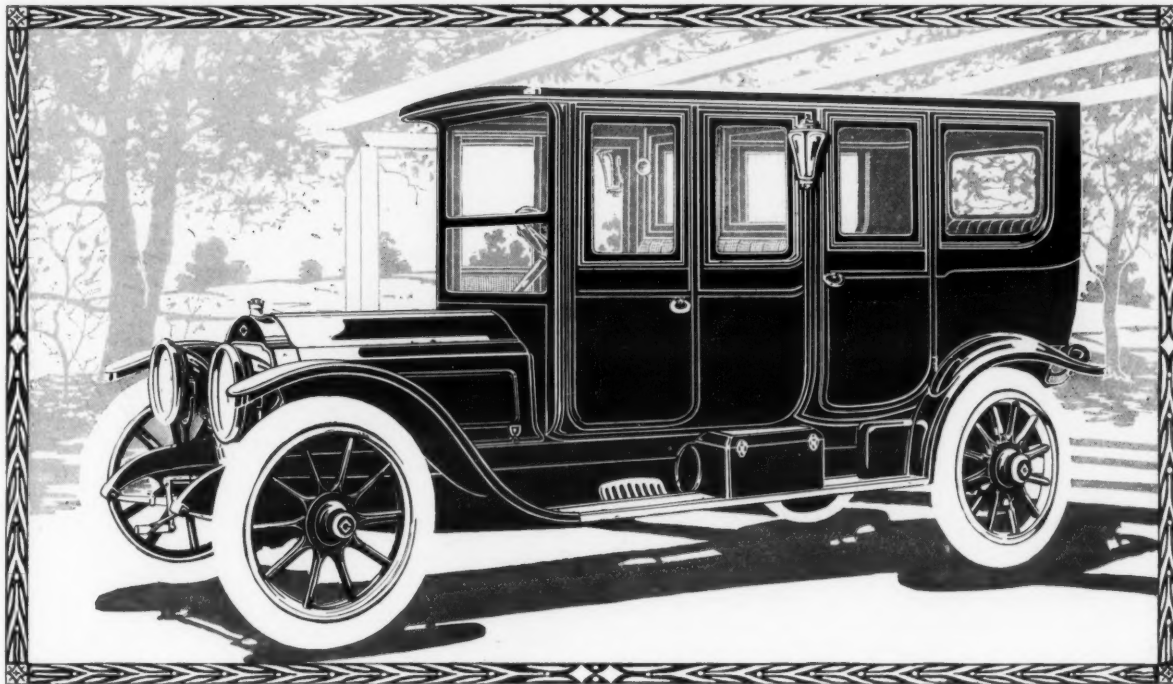
In a few moments a score or more of venerable old bucks march down the street. They are the musicians, the time beaters for the dance. They are not in costume other than their everyday flour-sack breeches and hickory shirts. One carries a symbolic standard; two or three of the others carry drums. And old as they are, their physical endurance must be second only to that of the dancers, for at sundown you will find them still standing in the positions chanting their monotonous rhythmical exhortations to the younger blood.

When the musicians are ready, the first corps of dancers, composed of more

than a hundred men and a few of the women members of the same clan, forms near by in two long lines. Each man is naked to the waist, the bronze color of his body heightened with the aid of mineral pigments. They wear muscle bands and bracelets and fur-topped moccasins. The pelt of a gray fox hangs at the back of each, suspended from the belt. On their bare knees they carry turtle-shell rattles, and gourd rattles filled with pebbles are carried in their right hand, while clusters of corn husks are held in their left hand.

And there on the main street of Santo Domingo, before a very mixed but a very respectful audience, the fraternity men of the pueblo make their obeisance to the gods of the Clouds and the Lightning, keeping time with marvelous precision to the syncopated dronings of their aged superiors. All the while the sun beats down upon them with a sting that turns their bodies into oily, shiny surfaces of leather. Paint, diluted with perspiration, trickles in rivulets down their arms and backs, leaving long, irregular tracings like the tracks of a giant worm across the soft, moist earth. Under the skin you can see the play of every supple muscle, and you make a composite picture of all the sculptured red men you have ever seen.

From noon until past sundown they dance, dance, dance.



MOTOR—Six cylinder, vertical water cooled; cylinders cast in two sets of three each with integral water jackets.
DIMENSIONS—4½-in. bore by 5¼-in. stroke.
RATING—50 Horsepower.

BERLIN LIMOUSINE, . . . Seven Passengers, \$6000
LIMOUSINE Seven Passengers, \$5600

TRANSMISSION—Selective; four speeds forward and reverse.
WHEEL BASE—135 inches.
TIRES—36 x 4½ front; 37 x 5 rear.

LANDAULET Seven Passengers, \$5700
TOURING CAR Seven Passengers, \$4500

EQUIPMENT—Complete electric light equipment for head lights, side lights, rear light and interior lights. Warner speedometer, top and wind-shield, horn, tire holders, jack, complete outfit of tools.

PHAETON Five Passengers, \$4500
RUNABOUT, Two Passengers and Rumble, \$4500

The Most Highly Developed "Six" in America

THE Garford, now entering its thirteenth successful year, offers you a car of genuine distinction, such as it has in each preceding year, and such as its exclusive clientele has always demanded.

In the Garford Six the following fundamentals have been more highly developed, and come closer to the high mark of perfection, than any other Six made.

Carburetion, lubrication, distribution of weight, perfection in spring suspen-

sion, luxurious appointments, quietness, and easy riding qualities, are worked out in the Garford Six to a nicety not to be found in any other Six on the market.

The Garford list of distinguished American owners is composed of men and women known throughout the civilized world as people of discrimination, taste and prominence.

We will be glad to mail you a list of these prominent names, as well as a handsome catalogue, fully describing the full 1913 line.

Address: Garford Department

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Most of the Big Business Successes in America Use Hammermill Bond

Herein are suggested a few of the hundreds of public service corporations, manufacturers, retailers, magazines and every variety of successful business concerns who use—

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Quality Paper at a Moderate Price"



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Send for our free book of samples. Note the close, firm body, tear a sheet and prove its strength, and note its weight, and the finish that gives clearness to typewriting and distinction to printing. Then compare prices with the paper you have been using. Surprise yourself with the saving in your paper bills, when you specify Hammermill Bond for your correspondence between departments, forms, circulars, letterheads, vouchers and a hundred similar purposes.

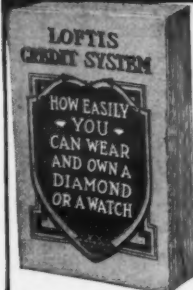
Prompt Deliveries

Tell your printer that we guarantee prompt deliveries in all sizes, all weights and all 12 colors.

Write for FREE Book of Samples on Your Letterhead—Now

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., ERIE, PA.

DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT



Send for These Two Books—
They Are Absolutely FREE!

Write for our handsome free catalog. It contains over two thousand (2,000) beautiful illustrations of diamonds, watches, solid gold jewelry, silverware and novelties at bargain prices. Select any article desired, have it sent to your own home or express office—all charges prepaid. If it is entirely satisfactory, send one-fifth the purchase price and keep it; balance in eight equal monthly amounts. We are offering great bargains in ladies' and men's watches.

Our Blue Book, which tells "How Easy You Can Wear a Diamond or Watch by the Loftis System," answers every question that a person could ask about our liberal credit plan or concerning the purchase of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. It is beautifully illustrated in blue and gold and is worth its weight in gold to anyone interested in our line.

Both of these books will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE UPON REQUEST. Write today.

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The Old Reliable, Original Diamond and Watch Credit House
Dept. C 887, 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Branch Stores: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.



Contains Over 2000 Illustrations

First Aid Always,—

Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big



BRASS BANDS FORMING—

Send Your Name
We will send you full instructions how to organize a successful band. Lots of money and fun; this is campaign year.

Easy payments accepted on instruments.

LYON & HEALY
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VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

17 BLACK 2 COPYING DEGREES
FREE SAMPLE

ASK FOR HARD SOFT OR MEDIUM

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
222 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



The Prophylactic
Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the
Pro-phyl-lac-tic keeps teeth clean

How They Got the Hattie Rennish

(Continued from page 17)

"Well, Ed," I says, "if you should happen to see such a thing as a moving picture of the *Hattie* stealin' out to sea and it's up to you to bring her to, say at five or six or eight thousand yards, just scrape the paint with the first two or three, will you, by way o' telling me how it's you, Ed?"

"All right," says Ed.

"And we shook hands over that. 'And maybe the Governorment won't be losing anything at that,' I says.

"AFTER a time Ed Gurney left me to take the night watch, and I was standing by the rail figuring how I was going to get back to the *Hattie*, when Durks comes looking for me.

"Of course," says Durks, "you had no idea of it, but I organized this expedition as much to get Johnnie Sing out of the way and separate him from his wife as to smuggle in the cargo of hemp."

"The duty on hemp," I interrupts, "must be very high, Mr. Durks?"

"What? It is—yes," he says.

"And how much is the duty on hemp?" I asks.

"And he don't know. 'Hemp, humph!' I says, 'how much is the duty on—?' and I stops.

"On what?" he says.

"On whatever's in those bales?" I answers.

"Why, what is the duty?" he asks.

"Maybe there's no duty—maybe it's against the law to bring it in, no matter what the duty," I answers.

"And he sees I know too much, and from out of a pocket inside his vest he draws a package of money and lets me look to see how much, and he says: 'A thousand now and a thousand when you turn over to me Johnnie Sing—separate from his wife.'

"If I could get back on the schooner," I says, like I was studying it out, "back on her to-night, I'd guarantee I'd have Johnnie Sing aboard her in the morning."

"But how can you get off this ship?" he says.

"Easy enough," I says. "Nobody here cares whether I stay aboard or get away, and nobody's watching me too close. You ask the executive officer's permission to go down aboard your quarter boat, swinging from the boom there, by way of seeing it's all right, and you get into it and look it over, and the last thing you do before leaving it you unfasten the painter and let her go adrift. And in the morning, when you see the *Hattie*, Johnnie Sing and his wife will be aboard—on her deck in plain sight. And then you come and get 'em. But you'll have to come and get 'em yourself—and give me a thousand dollars now on account—good money, mind. And he does—good money."

"And while he's going down over the boom ladder to one side I'm climbing down a side ladder on the other, and soon standing on the last rung just above the water line and waiting. And pretty soon I see the shadow of our quarter boat drifting past her stern, and as I do I slips overboard and strikes out for her, quiet and mostly under water, because I had my clothes on."

"I GET aboard the quarter boat and I let her drift till maybe I am a quarter of a mile away, and then I out oars and heads her in for where I can see the *Hattie*'s riding light. I comes alongside. Archie's shape looms up over the rail. 'Hi-i!' he yells, 'keep off!' 'It's all right, Archie,' I says, and he reaches down and takes the painter. 'What's doing?' he says. 'Where's Johnnie Sing and his wife?' 'She's asleep in the cabin and he's awake watching her. What you going to do?'"

"You tell Johnnie I've got his five hundred passage money back, will you, Archie? And there's five hundred more for you and me, Archie, if we can get out of here."

"Skip out? Not enough wind," says Archie.

"Not now," I says, "but there will be."

"I hope so," says Archie, and calls Johnnie and tells him, and we slip her chain cable and left her riding light on a buoy in case the gunboat watch were having an eye on her. 'And now,' I says, 'to that lighter where those bales of hemp are.'

"Hadn't we better put straight for the open sound and head to sea," says Archie, "while it's dark? What do we want with a lot o' hemp?" growls Archie.

"It took us three hours from our

anchorage to make the lighter where the cargo of hemp was, and that made it midnight. We let the schooner drift a couple of hundred yards off the little pier, and Archie and me paddled ashore in our quarter boat with a spare lantern.

"There was the lighter, but no bales of hemp. Up on the pier, about two hundred yards, we see a streak of light. We crept up to that, and through a pane of glass high up—me standing on Archie's shoulders to get a look through—was four men playing cards, with money and a bottle of whisky and a kerosene lamp on the table. We looked around. On the narrow-gauge railroad track we found the little flat hand car, and on that, under a tarpaulin, were the bales of hemp.

"We crept around to the door of the shack. By feeling we saw it opened out; so the two of us felt around for big-sized stones, a hundred pounds apiece or so, and them we piled in front of the door, fifteen or twenty of 'em very softly, and then I whispers to Archie to hustle the flat car along to the pier.

"And he did, but, in getting started, the car wheels grinded a little, and somebody inside yells, 'What's that!' and again, 'Listen!' and then I could hear one of 'em jumping up and cursing and swearing: 'What started her?' Next thing somebody rattled the door latch and pushed. And pushed again. And then bam! his whole weight against the door. The top part springs out, but the bottom half sticks.

"Then there was a quiet, and then somebody said something quick, and I could hear 'em all jumping up and yelling out, and they came piling bang-up for the door and slammed against it, but the big stones held 'em. Then they stopped, and one of 'em says: 'We're locked in all right.' 'Yes,' I calls out, 'and you'd better stay locked in, for the first man, and the second man, and the third man comes out the door he gets his. And now, men,' I calls out, 'keep that door covered and cut loose if it's knocked open.' And then I hurried after Archie's lantern, which I see is now to the pier.

"IT didn't take us more than a couple o' minutes to pitch those little bales off that car, tote 'em across the lighter and drop 'em into our quarter boat. Then we rowed out to our vessel and threw them over the rail and let 'em lay there amidstships till we could get a chance to rip 'em open and see what we got.

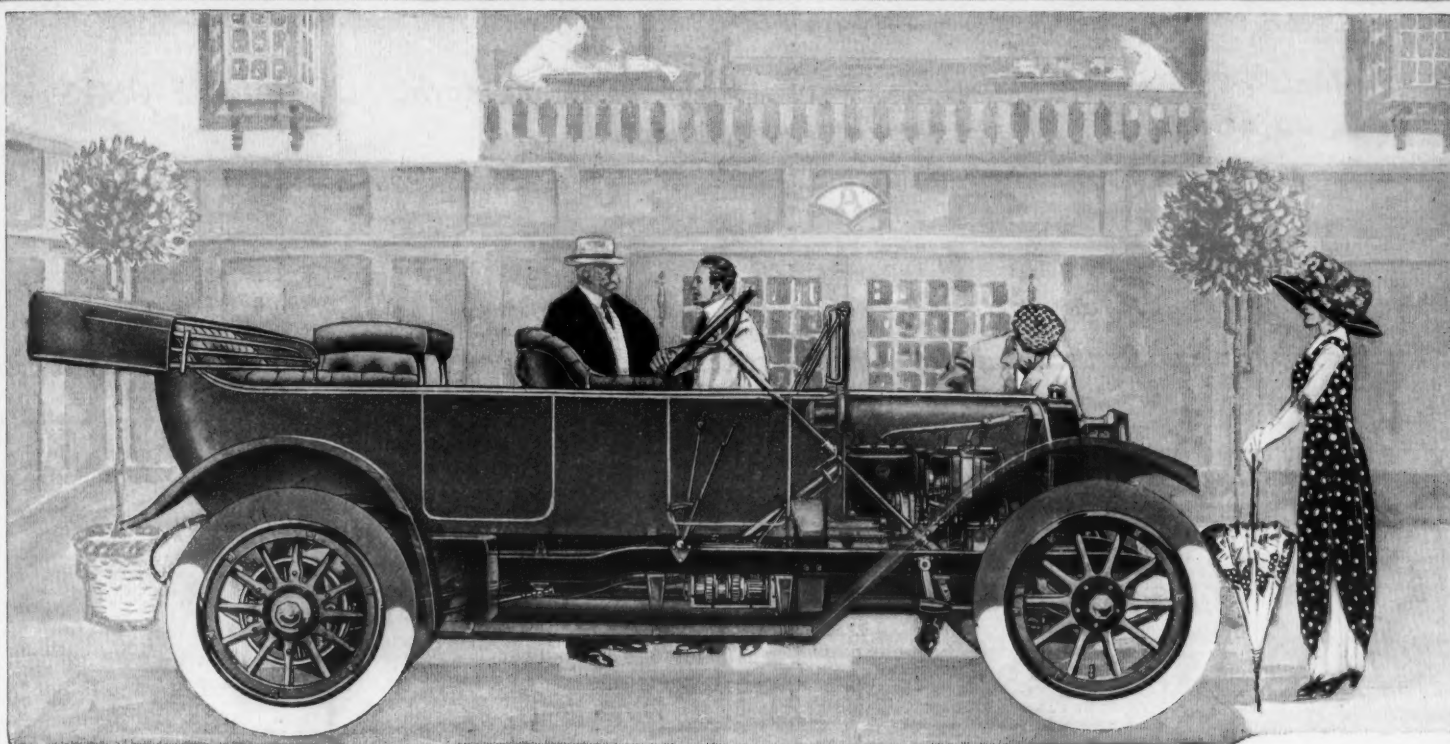
"It was then two o'clock, and 's by this time the breeze'd made a bit, I was hoping we'd slip by the gunboat before daylight. And we did—almost; but not far enough by. Before the sun was fair up they saw us and puts after us. It took her a few minutes to get under weigh and steam up on her, and then she came abetting. Twelve knots she was probably steaming, but by now the breeze was strong enough for the *Hattie* to hold her own but not to draw away. And soon the breeze comes stronger, and we begin to lengthen and draw away from the gunboat. And it breezed up more, and the *Hattie*, balloon and stays! on now, and taking it over her quarter, was beginning to show the stuff in her.

"She was lifting her forefoot and kicking her way through like she knew what we wanted. We were walking away from the gunboat, and I was wondering why she didn't reach out for us with one of her long five-inch lads. But I see why pretty soon. In the clearing light a point of land shows up ahead of us, making out maybe a couple of miles to the windward of our course. We couldn't turn out, for here was the main shore and there was the gunboat. 'And a pity, too,' says Archie, 'with enough opium in those bales to keep us many a year.'

"I'd 'most forgot the bales. 'Cut 'em open,' I says to Archie, and he did, and out they come—six- or eight-pound tins they looked—dozens of 'em. And Archie, looking at the bright shiny tins, said what a pity again, and we both said what a pity it was, too, for Johnnie Sing and his wife. 'But don't you worry about em,' I says, 'nor you about your wife,' I says to Johnnie, who was looking heartbroken, with his arm around her.

"ALL the time we were hopping on toward the point, and if 'twas anything but a steamer with guns was chasing us we'd 'a' squeezed by, and once by it was good night to the gunboat or anything like her in that breeze. It looked that way even as it was, till a shell goes skip-

(Continued on page 29)



Chassis Design

UNLIKE many manufacturers, it is our opinion that, in the construction of motor cars, our Engineering and Mechanical Departments should **serve the user** rather than that the user should be called upon to sacrifice comfort and satisfactory experience in motoring in order to satisfy the inclinations of a sometimes prejudiced Engineering Department.

Abbott-Detroit 1913 models have been planned in such a way as to fully take care of the needs and wishes of Abbott-Detroit owners and dealers, and at the same time comply strictly with the dictates of real up-to-date engineering and metalurgical practice.

A SIMPLE, STRONG CHASSIS

As will be seen from the illustration (a composite X-ray drawing of the chassis and body) the chassis is free from the large number of rods, wires and numerous other attachments with which most cars, even the highest priced ones, are littered—and yet no necessary parts have been left out. Everything needed for the proper operation of the car is there, but **strength** has not been sacrificed to simplicity nor reliability to price.

OIL TEMPERED SPRINGS

Long, semi-elliptic springs in front and three-quarter elliptic scrolls in the rear, made of oil tempered steel, give the body a flexible mounting, which makes it ride exceedingly well, even over the roughest roads.

Furthermore, the spring eyes are fitted with bushings and hardened spring bolts of a special design, utilized as grease cups;—this construction reducing wear and insuring perfect lubrication.

RADIUS RODS

Radius rods, which are connected to the rear axle and to a point on the frame, serve to reduce the longitudinal motion at the slip joint in the propeller shaft to a minimum and relieve the springs of a very considerable amount of fore and aft thrust movement which would fall to them otherwise, and provide for the **utmost flexibility** between the body and the chassis, as with this construction we have been **able to shackle the rear springs** at their forward ends. Many manufacturers of cars **fail** to provide radius rods where three-quarter elliptic scroll springs are used and by so doing deprive that system of suspension of a great portion of its flexibility, owing to the fact that the forward ends of the lower springs are in that case, for the purpose of taking the drive of the rear axle, necessarily fastened **rigidly** to the frame instead of being connected with the shackle.

TECHNICAL, BUT VERY IMPORTANT

Although this description is of necessity rather technical, we lay a great deal of emphasis upon it because it shows the **reason why Abbott-Detroit motor cars ride so much easier than others**;—so much so in fact that this feature is always spoken of by all motorists when they ride, for the first time, in our cars.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.

This is the second of the series. The third will appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*, September 21st; *Collier's*, September 7th; *Life*, September 28th; *Literary Digest*, September 14th.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

The freedom with which the three-quarter elliptic scroll springs act in taking up both the side and end movements of the axle **makes this form much more resilient and flexible** than either the half or full elliptic type. When one wheel drops into a rut, or passes over an obstruction, it is of course lowered or elevated with respect to the other wheel. The **three-quarter elliptic scroll spring will absorb** such motions readily, **entirely eliminating** that quick, choppy motion and vibration which invariably accompanies the use of the half or full elliptic types.

Abbott-Detroit Electric Self-Starter

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable one, **built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.**

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

UNDERSLUNG SPRING CONSTRUCTION

In Abbott-Detroit cars, both sets of springs have been **hung underneath the axles** so that the center of gravity has been lowered to a point well below that usually found on the average motor car. This of course makes for safety and causes the car to hold the road better; eliminates to a large extent any disagreeable side-swaying; has a tendency to prevent excessive skidding; makes it possible for the car to be driven at a greater speed with safety. It lowers the body without decreasing the road clearance or interfering with the spring action.

TORQUE RODS

Torque rods running from the rear axle to the frame relieve the drive shaft, universal joints, drive pinion, gear and axle housing of strain, and also eliminate the bending movement which is wrongly and unjustly imposed upon the springs of many motor cars.

THE FRONT AXLE

The front axle of an "I" beam section is made of drop forge steel, double-heat-treated, and is

equipped with a set of Timken roller bearings in each front wheel hub. The steering connecting rods are mounted in a protected position back and above the front axle. Note this carefully. This advantage will be appreciated by those motorists who have driven in mountainous districts or in the sage brush country. The steering connections on many motor cars are hung in front and below, where they are easily injured or where its operation may be seriously affected by brush or wire picked up in the road.

THE REAR AXLE

The rear axle is of the full floating type with nickel steel gears and shafts, Timken roller bearings throughout, except in the wheels, where Schaefer imported annular bearings are used.

The housing of the rear axle, of malleable steel construction, is so designed that a vertical cross section parallel to the drive shaft, forms a **complete double truss of great strength and extreme rigidity**, facilitating the proper alignment of the gears continuously after they are once assembled at our plant. This of course reduces friction and noise to a minimum.

LARGE HICKORY ARTILLERY WHEELS

The wheels are made of the best quality of second growth hickory, finished in natural oil. The front wheels have ten spokes, the rear twelve. Also notice the number of bolts used in the wheel flanges.

The felloes are fitted with **Booth demountable rims** and extra large **Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires**. We have tried, in the designing of the wheels as well as in all other such important parts, to secure the strongest construction possible, believing that the extra dollars spent for the safety of the purchaser would be noticed and appreciated. It would be an easy thing to substitute inferior material and give it a coat of paint, as do some of our competitors, but instead we use good hickory and finish it in natural oil so you can see its high grade character.

Abbott-Detroit cars represent the best that can be produced for the price for which they are sold. We guarantee them for life.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster,	116-inch wheel base	\$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car,	116-inch wheel base	\$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau,	121-inch wheel base	\$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car,	121-inch wheel base	\$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster,	121-inch wheel base	\$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine,	121-inch wheel base	\$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
602 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

Abbott-Detroit
Built for Permanence
and Guaranteed for Life

In the 500,000 homes into which Collier's goes each week, there are dozens of able men and women who are on the lookout for an opportunity to better their present position and increase their earning capacity.

If you have a commodity to sell and want to put it on the market, COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS can help you.

There are many concerns advertising nationally to-day and doing a tremendous business, who are graduates of this Department.

Each advertisement is carefully scrutinized and those containing exaggerated or misleading statements are excluded from our columns.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

INCOME INSURANCE; SOMETHING NEW. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 18 to 70, guarantees an income of \$25 wky for sickness or injuries, \$5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$2000 Accidental Death, \$15 wky for sickness or injuries. Annual cost \$5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

TRAVELING SALESMEN ANSWER THIS. Best side line yet. Pays full traveling expenses, \$4.00 per order. Consigned goods. Pocket sample. Prompt commission. Dyer Mfg. Co., 2005 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED:—LOCAL OR TRAVELING SALESMEN making small towns to handle our new, attractive pocket size line. Quick shipments, prompt commissions, no collecting. State territory covered. For particulars address, Peerless Mfg. Co., 316 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED IN EVERY city and village to sell Travel Comfort. Vest Pocket Shaving outfit. Neat, compact, new. Large profits. Write for particulars today. M. T. Hayes & Co., 149 Broadway, N.Y.C.

SALESMEN: SELL HIGH GRADE SPECIALTY to merchants. Big repeat business. Samples weigh less than four pounds. Liberal commission on all business, including repeat business. John Wilbur, Dept. 28, Dayton, O.

WANTED—LIVE MAN TO TAKE ORDERS for our Handy Dandy made-to-measure men's tailored suits from \$10.00 to \$25.00. We furnish elegant large book outfit free of charge. Experience not essential, we want a hustler. Splendid opportunity to make big money. The Handy Dandy Line, 415 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN CAN INCREASE their earnings by placing our jewelry chocolate and gum assortment in small towns during spare time. Only men regularly employed on road wanted. State references and territory. We want men capable of earning a large salary and want them now. See Dun and Bradstreet rating. Devon Mfg. Co., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

OWN A BUSINESS—MAKE BIG MONEY. Be independent. Start during spare time at home and grow fast. Mail Order or local. We, as manufacturers, have a new "tested Out" selling plan that will make big money for our co-workers. Newly patented, everyday necessities of positive merit. Repeat orders. We train you. Are now ready to add representatives in all localities. Get out of the "rut" and write me for full outline of (copyrighted) plans; sworn statements and positive proof. Grasp this opportunity by writing me today. J. M. Pease, President of J. M. Pease Manufacturing Company, 604 Pease Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENTS SECURED. PROMPT SERVICE. Dependable Patents. Inventions financed, bought outright, or royalty paid. No advance fees. Inventors and manufacturers brought together. Valuable information free. Spellman & Smith, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Chicago.

REAL ESTATE

ARIZONA

ROOSEVELT DAM MAKES CROPS CERTAIN in favored Salt River Valley. Fruits ripen early, bring highest prices. Hungry market right at home. \$100 acre up. Easy terms. New free illustrated booklet about Salt River Valley soil, climate, crops, profits. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., AT&SFry, 1848 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

MONTANA

IRRIGATED ORCHARD LANDS, BITTER Root Valley, Ravalli County, Montana; 32 acres excellent orchard land for sale cheap. Cash or development plan. Highest references. For full details, write, Hamilton Thacher, Corvallis, Montana.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS

THE LARGEST NUMBER OF SUCCESSFUL clients is our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 8 stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

CLEMENTS & CLEMENTS, PATENT LAWYERS, 711 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C. Prompt service. No misleading inducements. Advice book and Patent Office Rules free. Best references.

ADVERTISING

HANDBOOK FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS free. Collier's handbook for Classified Advertisers contains helpful suggestions on Writing Copy and Follow-up Matter, on Judging Results, on Gaining the Confidence of the Public, on Agencies, and on other points of vital interest to the novice and the veteran. While published to promote Collier's Classified Columns, it is absolutely non-partisan except where it is frankly advertising. Sent for two cents in stamps to any interested Classified Advertiser on request. Collier's Classified Columns, 416 W. 13th Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

AMBITIOUS WIDE-AWAKE MEN AND women to sell big money saver. Every home needs it. Vossor cement mends permanently glass, crockery, furniture, leather, ivory, etc. Nothing too delicate. Large profits easily earned. Main or side line. Write for full particulars. Voss Supply Co., 665 St. John's Pl., B'klyn, N. Y.

I WANT A COUNTY MANAGER WILLING to learn business that pays right from start. Life job. It's house-to-house selling, but it pays. Commission, but it pays. Are you willing to learn what you don't know? Write Manager, 122 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

LITTLE WONDER \$3.50 VACUUM CLEANER fully guaranteed selling plan requires very little canvassing. Agents handling any other Cleaner write at once for full particulars. C. Beck Mfg. Co., 9 E. 42nd St., New York.

FREE SAMPLE GOES WITH FIRST LETTER. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders \$1.00 to \$100. Big demand everywhere. Nice pleasant business. Write at once. Metallic Sign Co., 432 N. Clark, Chicago.

MAKE BIG MONEY WITH LEADERS— showing made-to-measure suits, vests, overcoats, from \$8.50 up—orders simply roll in easy, no money or experience, we back you. Most liberal Agent's sample suit offer. Write for entire free outfit today. Great Central Tailoring Company, Dept. 122, Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES, BIG PROFITS. Nothing like it. New laundry-wax perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume. Send 4c for working outfit. Odor Gloss, 17 Water Street, New York City.

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR MORE LONG GREEN. Our soap and toilet article combinations have every ear-mark of being the real Coin Getters,—we can prove that they are. Write for our convincing proofs. Davis Soap Works, 210 Bldg., Chicago.

JAPANESE WISTARIA ODOOR TALC POWDER appeals to people of discrimination. Pleased customers bring new and repeat orders. Large profits. Exclusive territory. Send 4c for sample & terms. Gomi, 3 E. 17th St., N.Y.C.

AGENTS! PORTRAITS, 35c; FRAMES, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2362, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

400 PER CENT PROFIT. GLIDING CASTERS—new invention. No rollers; homes buy 6 to 40 sets, hotels 50 to 500; any one can attach; noiseless; won't scratch floors; save carpets and furniture; set costs 3c, sells 10c to 25c; exclusive territory; sample 4c. Evergrip Casters Co., 208 Warren St., New York.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! THIS ARTICLE may make your fortune. Best 25c seller on market. Large profits. Send for particulars and sample. The Silver Company, 305 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

OUR NEW FACTORY JUST OPENED. Big line of new, down-to-date specialties. Red hot sellers. Big profits. General agents wanted. Exclusive selling rights. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

INFORMATION FOR POLICYHOLDERS

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES BOUGHT. WE pay higher cash values than the issuing company for term or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 58 Liberty St., New York.

PICTURE PLAYWRIGHTS' SCHOOLS

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Asa'd M. P. Schools, 702 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

AUTO INSTRUCTION

MEN WANTED—FOR AUTO SALESMEN. Demonstrators, and Drivers: Our graduates in big demand. We supply men to six Auto Makers and over 35 Auto Companies. Write for Free Book. Practical Auto School, 115A Pearl Street, New York.

TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS IN America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. 1/4 to 1/2 mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Best class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1922), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

3 PENNIES A DAY, ONE DOLLAR A MONTH buys a standard typewriter. Your choice Remington, Oliver or Smith Premier. Prices lower than other cash prices. Perfect machines only—guaranteed. Typewriter Installation Co., 1190 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

WE ARE EQUIPPED TO MAKE DIES AND metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

AGENTS: FOR "EVERWRITE" GOLD GLASS Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

NEW LADD CENTER DRIVE BEATER; sells in every home; all steel; 8 beating blades; beats eggs, cream instantly; sensational success; big money; write. United Royalties Corp., 42 X Broadway, New York.

HUSTLING AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR fast selling Sanitary Household Brushes. Steady work. Big profits. Postal brings particulars. Dept. D. Hale & Kavanek, New Britain, Conn.

LITTLE GIANT LIFT AND FORCE PUMP. Saves plumber's bills. Removes all stoppages in waste pipes. Absolute monopoly; fix you for life if you are a producer. Write for our new agent's plan. J. E. Kennedy, Dept. C, 41 Park Row, New York.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 240 Bar St., Canton, O.

BIG PROFITS SELLING "VULCAN" FOUNTAIN and Stylo Pens. Well advertised; quick sellers. Write for catalog showing liberal discounts. J. U. Ullrich Co., 133 Greenwich St., New York.

YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 114 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our patented ironingwax and E. Z. starch polish. Every woman and store buys. Repeat orders. Be first in your locality. Write for terms. E. A. Bromund Co., N. Y. City.

SOAP AGENTS: "MAKE MORE MONEY" selling largest line of Toilet Articles, Extracts, Spices and Household Necessities; Celebrated Linro Products—140 articles; Freight Paid; big commis.; handsome premiums for your customers; Exclusive Territory; sample case furnished; free catalogues. Linro Co., 127 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR gold and silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS—\$1000 ACCIDENT POLICY FOR \$1.00 yearly. Everyone buys when convinced Company is sound. \$250,000 deposited with State for policy-holders protection. Liberal Commissions. Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

HUSTLERS ARE MAKING BIG MONEY WITH the Fuller—the best and quickest selling line of household brushes made. Write now—we'll help you win. Catalog free. Sample outfit. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch, Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED: ONE LIVE MAN IN EACH TOWN to take orders for men's made-to-measure clothes. No money required. Latest styles and lowest prices. You can build up a permanent business and make a splendid salary each day. We pay express, ship subject to examination and guarantee fit. Send your name quick for agency and free samples. We use the Union Label on all our garments. Regal Tailoring Company, 732 Regal Building, Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHY

HIGH GRADE AMATEUR FINISHING. Expert developing, printing and enlarging. All work guaranteed. Send us your films or plates and see the difference. Price list "B." L. M. Prince, 108 W. 4th Ave., Cincinnati, O.

NEW YORK'S LARGEST PHOTOGRAPHIC store takes your old Camera or anything photographic in exchange toward new Kodak Camera, any make or size, high grade Anastigmat lenses; send for largest photographic Bargain list. Koehler's Camera Exch., 7 E. 14th St., N.Y.C.

FILMS DEVELOPED 10c PER ROLL. PRINTS: 2 1/4x3 1/4, 3c; 2 1/4x4 1/4, 3 1/2x3 1/2, 3 1/4x4 1/4, 4c; 3 1/4x5 1/2 and 4x5, 5c; on post cards, 5c. High grade work. Send 2 negatives, will print free sample. G. X. Hoke, 1309 E. 63d St., Chicago.

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS

A PAGE DEVOTED TO SMALLER ADVERTISERS divided into different classifications. This page offers many opportunities to many people—and those who read the advertisements may rest assured that the claims made have been thoroughly investigated and found to be in every way reliable. Rate per line, \$2.50 with 3% discount for cash with the order. Four lines smallest, and fifteen lines largest, copy accepted. There is a 10% discount allowed on six-time consecutive orders all deducts from each sixth insertion. For further information write Collier's Classified Columns, 423 West 13th St., New York.

—If you are looking for an opportunity

to earn money at home, or if you are looking for a position as an agent or a salesman, or if you are in need of a man to fill a responsible position

—read Collier's Classified Columns.

If you want to go one step farther and practically make sure of finding what you want

—advertise your desires in Collier's Classified Columns.

The classified advertisements in Collier's are the cream of the best "want ads" in the whole United States.

It is a pretty safe assumption that a man doesn't advertise his wants in a national magazine unless those wants are well worth advertising.

There is another thing, too.

The papers of any city or town cover one comparatively small locality, and only one. They may introduce you to the man or the opportunity you are seeking, and again they may not. You may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco—while the man or the opening you want may be in Butte or New Orleans.

Collier's Classified Columns correspond to the "want" columns of the daily newspaper, but their field is infinitely broader and more effective, both on account of the extent of Collier's circulation and because of the fact that the advertisements make not a general appeal every day, but a concentrated appeal once every two weeks.

Collier's Classified Columns appear only in the first and third issue of each month.

They have a national circulation among readers who have positions to give and brains to offer.

If you want anybody or anything worth wanting write to

Collier's Classified Columns

416 West 13th Street, New York City



KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Standard since 1848

Delicious Home-made Pies with Perfect Crust and Tempting Filling

To make light, flaky and delicate crust use part Kingsford's Corn Starch instead of all flour. Kingsford's insures a fine pie crust—dry and tender even in juicy fruit pies. In preparing the filling or custard use Kingsford's wherever your recipe calls for corn starch. In fact for all cooking purposes, Kingsford's is the corn starch to use in order to get the results you desire. It is the perfect corn

starch—refined with extreme care—absolutely pure. Don't take chances with inferior substitutes. Kingsford's costs no more. Insist on it.

Send your name on a post card for Cook Book KK—that tells all about making pies—and gives 168 recipes for all kinds of dishes.



T. KINGSFORD & SON
National Starch Co., Suc'rs Oswego, N. Y.

Are You Sure that Your Laundress Uses clean Starch? Of course the clothes are thoroughly washed—but it takes the pure natural lump

KINGSFORD'S SILVER GLOSS STARCH

to give results the careful woman wants—clear white, crisp clothes—the finish that delights the eye of every experienced housewife. Every care is taken to make Kingsford's perfect beyond question. See that the laundress uses it and not one of the cheap starches containing impurities that spot or stain and spoil the good of the washing so far as looks go.

Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb., and 6 lb. boxes.

T. Kingsford & Son
National Starch Co.
Suc'rs Oswego, N. Y.



The Hattie Rennish

(Continued from page 26)

ping across the water ahead of us. In half a minute there came another one astern. There wasn't any sea on this time—inshore this and the water smooth, and the two shells had a fine chance to show how they could pile up little hills of water and then go skipping across the surface, making quarter circles to the right. I had hopes, a few hopes yet. For the wind was still there, and the *Hattie* she had everything on her, and she was pirooting 'tween earth and sky like a picnic swing. And looking out in terror was Johnnie Sing's little wife, and—I was saying to her: 'She's all right—she'll stay up, never fear.'

"Oh, she'll stay up," says Archie, 'if one of them shells don't come aboard,' and his eye was even then on a flash o' flame from the side of the gunboat.

"They're only fourteen-pounders," I says.

"Is that all?" says Archie. "Only fourteen pounds o' nitroglycerine, or cordite, or dynamite, or guncotton, or whatever 'tis they packs into 'em! Only fourteen pounds!—and fourteen ounces is enough to send the *Hattie* to the clouds and eternal glory if ever it comes aboard," and just then one came right under her forefoot and another under her counter. And I looks back to the gunboat. She's less than a mile away now, and I takes the glasses and has a peek, and I imagines I sees a tall rangy lad standing beside a long, slim, steel-shiny, needle-lookin' gun, and I says to myself: 'Eddie boy, you miss us about twice more and Alec Corning'll be buying you more than one drink next time we meet,' for I knew the end was near. Ahead of me I see a passage making an island of the last half mile o' that point o' land, and it looked like water enough in the passage to let the *Hattie* through.

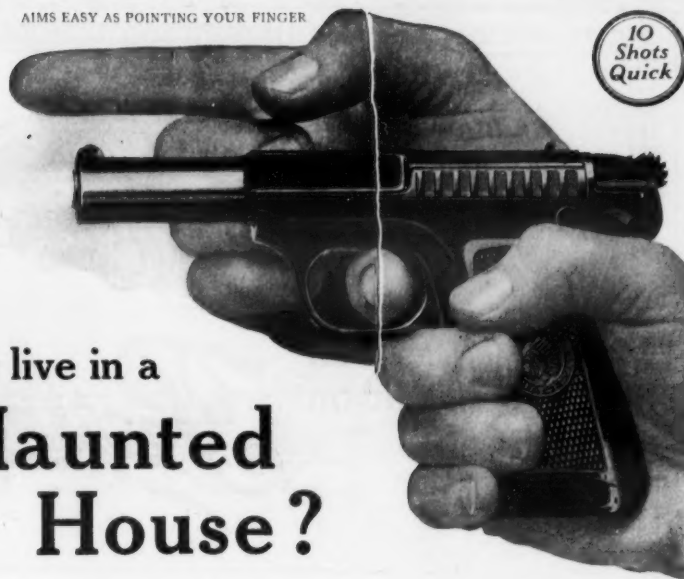
"I CALLS out to Archie and tells him to heave the tins of opium into the quarter boat, and he did, and 'Now get into her,' I says, 'and pull for the beach.' And they did, me staying aboard the *Hattie* to luff her for them to get away. And then I cut the stays! free and gave the *Hattie* her wheel again, and when she was going full-tilt I jibed her over, and she had everything on, and it was blowing blue devils, and only one thing you'd think could happen after that long main boom went swinging across her deck—over the side had to go her spars. But they didn't. A twenty-two-inch foremast she carried, a great stick, and when she was away again and going straight for the passage I says to myself: 'You'll have to hurry, Ed Gurney, or I'll be heating you to it!' For after all, when you're put to it, Durks or no Durks, there's only one thing to do—try and save your vessel.

"The *Hattie* rushes straight for the passage, and I thought maybe she'd make it, when whing! whing! whing! you'd think somebody was trying to cut his initials in the water around her. One after the other, like somebody having fun with her, and then wr-r-t! I felt her shiver, and then she seemed to shake herself, and then straight into the air her bowsprit seemed to rise and point to the morning sky, and from out of her waist came flame and smoke. Straight on and up the bowsprit went, and down! and plump! her after-part went! and flying junks of one thing and another filled the air, and some smoke, and then in the sea around the small parts that'd blown up began to fall. But I wasn't watching them. I was watching the for'ard half of her as it went pitching up, the bowsprit making a quarter circle in the air, and then plunk! down and under. The great little *Hattie* was gone. By that time I was in the water reaching out for the quarter boat.

"Too bad," says Archie, 'too bad,' when I was safe aboard. 'Too bad,' he says, and stops rowing. 'Pull, you sentimental loafer; pull for the beach!' I yells at him.

"AND he did, and we all did—all but Johnnie's wife—and landed, and ran up and hid in the brush up top of the cliff, and lay on our stomachs watching the gunboat come stealing in and put off a steam barge and grab our quarter boat with all the opium in it. And we could hear Ed Gurney whoop when he held a tin of it aloft. 'Man, tons of it, tons of it!' Archie swore he could hear Ed yelling, and we guessed that would square him for those few wide shots. And then they headed back and went aboard the gunboat, and pretty soon she steamed off.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



Why live in a

Haunted House?

THE home haunted with fear of a loaded revolver, and at the same time haunted with fear of burglars, is truly a haunted house. Every creaking sound at night makes the women nervous—almost hysterical. If left alone they suffer torture. It tells on them mentally and physically.

Get a Savage Automatic—get the one gun for all timid women, the easy holding, easy aiming Savage. Take out the magazine and hand her the empty pistol. Let her point at some mark with the Savage and then have her point with her finger. When she is full of wonder at finding that the Savage aims easy as pointing her finger, go out to an open place and let her shoot ten shots, one shot to a trigger pull. Have your wife and grown children shoot it. That will get all of the gun fear out of them, and you too, if you have got any.

You are always afraid of what you are not used to. That's all there is to gun fear, but when you learn to just love a good faithful gun like the ten-shot Savage, it's a mighty consoling thing to know it is always handy.

Books containing advice by eminent police authorities, telling what to do when you find a burglar in the house, sent you for 6 cents in stamps. Send today.

A NEW SAVAGE RIFLE

Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue, explaining the new Savage 20-shot repeater (22 cal.) 20 inch barrel, military-bolt action, weight 4 lbs., \$6.50.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 828 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

THE factory puts it there with matchless mechanical construction—the 5-year guarantee proves we know it's there—service records of machines in use, 5, 6 and even 7 years are conclusive proof that WALES construction gives the user unusual value without costing him one cent extra.

Only Adding Machine Guaranteed 5 Years

Some of the largest and most careful buyers in the country—International Harvester Co., Public Service Gas Co., Sears, Roebuck & Co., Pennsylvania Railroad, National City Bank of New York, U. S. Government (user of 264 WALES), and 1500 and more banks, all carefully considered the question of "Service" before they finally bought the WALES Visible.

They accepted the WALES features of visible printing, visible total, flexible keyboard, easy handle pull, etc., as valuable and necessary for best service. You, too, will think so when you investigate the WALES.

All the facts if you mail the coupon.
Free trial—easy payments if you wish.

The Adder Machine Co.

263 Walnut Street, Kingston Station,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in All Leading Cities.

Name _____

Address _____

Business
Catalogue, Aug. 17, '12

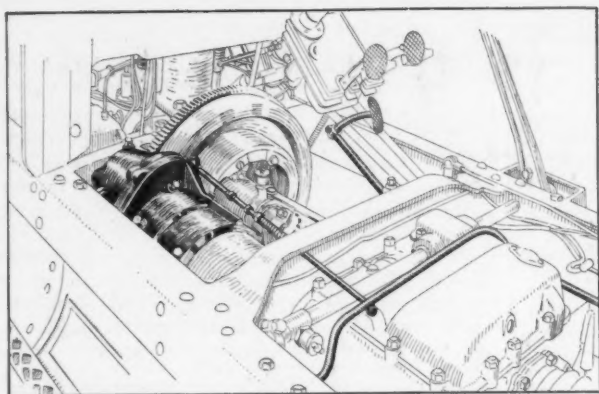
Pin
Coupon
to your
Letter head

Send particulars
of your free trial
offer and booklet
describing the
WALES Visible.

A Powerful Electric Starter

Now Standard Equipment on

Peerless
Motor Cars



PRESSURE ON A PEDAL STARTS THE ENGINE

THERE has been added to the already exceptionally complete equipment of **PEERLESS MOTOR CARS**, the **GRAY & DAVIS ELECTRIC STARTER**, a powerful device that will invariably crank the engine, spinning it, if necessary, for thirty minutes.

Unusual in its Simplicity

An electric motor of special construction and exceptional efficiency is properly mounted to rotate the engine fly-wheel. Current is supplied by the 120 ampere hour storage battery kept charged by the dynamo of the lighting system. There are no complicated electrical controls — only a simple switch.

It is Always Dependable

The device will spin the largest motor until, under the most adverse conditions, it will operate under its own power.

Cold weather cannot make it fail.

It will start the car with clutch set and high gear engaged. In tests by Peerless engineers a "48-Six" has been propelled by it for half a mile without an explosion in the cylinders. It then started the engine over a hundred times and still had apparently unlimited power left.

Ask for a Booklet

We shall be glad to give you a copy of the 24-page booklet fully describing the installation of the Gray & Davis Electric Starter on Peerless Motor Cars.

Prices

Peerless Motor Cars for 1913, in open types, equipped with the Electric Starter and Dynamo Electric Lighting System: "38-Six," \$4,300; "48-Six," \$5,000; "60-Six," \$6,000.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Hattie Rennish

(Concluded from page 20)

"'Vessel and opium both gone—I wonder how Durks is feeling now,' says Archie, 'and we with his—but how much is it altogether, Alec?' And that reminded me, and I says to Archie: 'Where'd you leave your two hundred dollars?' and he stops and swears. He'd left it under his mattress in the cabin of the *Hattie*. And I'd left my five hundred and the thousand—five hundred for Johnnie Sing and five hundred for us—hanging up in my coat in the cabin of the *Hattie*, and there she was in ten fathom of water. I broke the news to Archie.

"Archie said he'd be damned. Then: 'How'll we get out of here, for we gotta go East after this, Alec?'

"And Johnnie Sing, listening, takes out his jackknife and begins opening the wadding of his coat, and out come bills and bills and bills. All his property, twenty-odd thousand dollars, was sewed up there in big bills. And when 'twas all out he offers it to us, telling us to help ourselves. And Archie and me took enough to pay our way back to Gloucester here and meals on the way, o' course. And Johnnie, by our advice, he comes East, too, with his little wife and stepped off in New York, and that's where we left him.

"A fine little team, Johnnie and his wife. And the *Hattie*? If there's any of you never seen her, then you ought to when she was alive. A great little vessel, the *Hattie Rennish*."

Culture

(Concluded from page 19)

"Teach what? Do you teach children to brush their teeth and keep their windows open at night? Do you even teach them to speak English, if they haven't learned it at home? Or do you teach them the dates of King George's War, and the difference between metonymy and synecdoche?" The teacher had a horridly guilty look. "You aren't any use," declared the Boston woman. "And you never will be. You'll go back home, and bore poor children to death for twenty years or so, and then you'll get a pension. Or just possibly, because you've nice hair, and the Lord knows what men will like, you may have a chance to marry a Sunday-school superintendent or a ribbon clerk. Somebody to read Heine with you, and give you meat for dinner twice a week."

BUT the school-teacher had been baited long enough. She straightened herself.

"You are kind, I'm sure, to interest yourself," she remarked stiffly, and with her first words luminous decision came to her. "No doubt the chief steward is good enough for me. To tell the truth, I don't like Heine. He may be very clever, but I'd never see the point without the notes. Perhaps a German wouldn't enjoy Billy Baxter's Letters either, but that's beside the question. Heine's really hard work, and I'm tired of mental exercise. And I'm not superior. I'm only dull and dogged. There are thousands like me, but there aren't thousands that have a chance to get out of it. So I'm going to marry the chief steward. I know a man when I see one. Do you? Are you going to marry the captain? Is he good enough for you? Or are useless Boston women subtly different from useless Brooklyn women, and do you expect to look for your equal among college presidents and clergymen back East?"

The Boston woman contemplated her angry countenance for a moment, smiled and shrugged.

"It's only fair," she admitted. "You've a right to jeer." She took a handkerchief from her bag and pressed it to her lips. A little spasm flickered over her face.

"The captain," said the Boston woman, a lingering caress in her voice, "the captain is wonderful."

SHE turned away for an instant. Then she thrust the soft handkerchief determinedly back into the bag, and fixed a cordial smile on the school-teacher.

"My theories are good," she said. "And this obscure captain of a miserable coaster is like those arrogant old Norman sea kings, isn't he? But I myself am betrothed to a German baron. Congratulate me."



My Tires Get Rim-Cut



Mine Are Overloaded



Mine Don't Seem to Wear

Men—Here Is the Remedy and 200,000 Have Proved It

The Day of No-Rim-Cut Tires

In these days it's folly to buy tires which rim-cut.

Rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of the old-type, hooked-base tires. That is shown by statistics, covering thousands of ruined clincher tires.

Those tires may rim-cut when only partly deflated. When a tire is punctured and run flat, rim-cutting may instantly wreck it. And rim-cut tires can't be repaired.

Our patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—wipe out this loss entirely. In all our experience, not one has ever rim-cut.

10 Per Cent Oversize Saves 25 Per Cent

This is also the day of the oversize tire. Men are learning that added size means a vast economy.

So No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity.

It takes care of the extras you add to a car. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

That 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Maximum Mileage

For tires that wear out too quickly, the remedy is this:

Accept nobody's claims for maximum mileage, based on mere assumption. The guesses of experts are usually wrong.

Years ago, to get actual comparisons, we built a tire testing machine. There we wear out four tires at a time, under actual road conditions. And we meter the mileage on each.

Thus we have compared some 240 formulas and fabrics. There we have proved out every method of wrapping and vulcanizing. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

No-Rim-Cut tires, as made today, are the final result of those years of comparison. They represent the best men know about wear-resisting tires.

They have proved themselves by metered mileage the best tires ever built.

We Control Them

Now other makers offer hookless tires, to meet this competition. But we control by patents the only way to make a satisfactory tire of this type.

Our Tire Book makes this fact so clear that no man can doubt it.

Nine-tenths of all the new-type tires are Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. And the demand for these tires is twelve times larger than three years ago.

Made at a Profit of 8½ Per Cent

Last year our profits on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

We mention this fact because of present discussion about the high profits on tires.

We are the largest tire makers, with the most modern equipment. So none can make good tires cheaper.

We put into these tires—into special features, materials and oversize—all that we get, save 8½ per cent.

Soon or late, you are bound to join the hosts of motorists who use these tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The final proof is this: No-Rim-Cut tires, after 13 years, outsell all other tires.

After some 200,000 separate users have tested out these tires.

Today's demand compels an output of 100,000 tires monthly. That's twelve times larger than three years ago.

That tells the verdict of the highest tribunal—the men who buy these tires.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

**No-Rim-Cut Tires
10% Oversize**

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

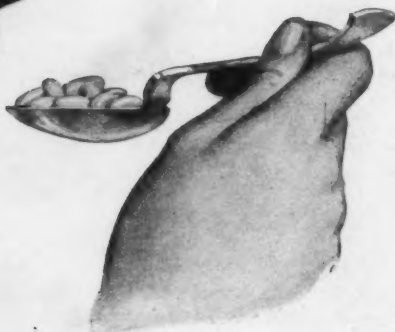
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Eat Them Just for Joy

Forget that Puffed Grains are an expert's invention—the last word of science in ease of digestion.

Eat them as nuts are eaten—just for the joy of eating—for their airy crispness, for their fascinating taste.



The Joyous Facts About Foods Shot From Guns

Ten Thousand Cells Formed by Steam Explosion

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are simply steam-exploded grains.

The moisture within them is turned to steam, in a terrific heat, then exploded.

Every food granule is thus blasted to pieces, and a myriad cells are formed.

Each cell is surrounded by thin, toasted walls, which melt at the touch of moisture.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

Curious Creations

Each grain is a puffed, airy wafer, like no other food you

know. Each is a magnified kernel, shaped as it grew, for the coats of the grain are unbroken.

They are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible. No element is lacking.

One would never dream that such dainty morsels could be made from unground grain.

Like Toasted Nuts

The grains in the guns are subjected to a heat of 550 degrees for an hour. That's how we create the steam pressure. Because of that heat, the exploded grains taste much like toasted nuts.

They are used like nuts in candy making—in frosting cake—in garnishing ice cream.

Served in any way you like them, the grains suggest nut meats, made porous and crisp and digestible. There lies their main enchantment.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

How Folks Enjoy a Million Dishes Daily

Folks serve them for breakfast with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit.

For supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Serve in soup at dinner. Or scatter them over a dish of ice cream.

Use them in candy making. See directions on the package. Let children eat them like peanuts when at play.

Serve at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—for digestion is extremely easy.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago